THE COMMONWEAL

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THE TANGLED TOWERS OF TODAY

FOR THE most part, controversies and discussions about architecture are like the wordy warfare over scientific and theological questions in that they can only be justly estimated by those who have the technical training requisite to understand the language employed, and the underlying principles involved. Only a small minority of readers are ever thus qualified. Yet all such controversies today inevitably escape from the more or less rarefied atmosphere of the schools and are eagerly seized upon by the greater organs of public discussion, where they suffer strange and sometimes grotesque distortions and exaggerations, while millions of more or less bewildered people try to follow the fight, or, more honestly, wonder what it is all about. Nevertheless, a sound instinct is at work in such matters, causing the newspapers to take up the controversies, and the masses of the people to be interested in them; for although the newspaper editors and the newspaper readers do not grasp the technical points involved, yet both feel that fundamental principles which have important relation to human life as a whole are often at stake in these abstruse debates.

For an example of what we mean, we point to the controversy raging in the New York papers over the plan for the "Radio Center," which is to be built by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr., on Fifth Avenue—a vast Babylon in the midst of the greater Babylon of New York, dedicated to mankind's latest and most amazing marvel, with studios, and theatres, and stores, and towers and vast halls. Some praise the plan as being the quintessence of the beauty of modernity. Others damn it as the last and the worst word of ugliness. We do not attempt to pronounce judgment upon this problem; but we do think that the great interest displayed comes from the fact that the public feels that this controversy is rooted in and will in its outcome affect the course of things of more importance to humanity than any particular style of architecture, in itself, can be. And we find in certain views expressed by one of the greatest of modern architects, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, a clear indication, indeed a lucid expression, of the nature of the fundamental problem.

Mr. Cram was not discussing the radio center, however, although his remarks are not without their bearing upon that matter; he was replying, in the pages of the *Columbia University Quarterly*, for March, to an article on modern architecture by Professor Joseph Hudnut in the previous number of that periodical, in

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which the skyscraper is exalted in fervent praise as the expression of "the true dignity of architecture, and the true sources of its power," being contrasted with other forms of architecture, such as Mr. Cram's own Cathedral of St. John the Divine, much to the disadvantage of the latter. Professor Hudnut grows eloquent in hymning New York's "towers that might enclose the pyramids," and "terraces that might shame Babylon" (which phrase, Mr. Cram dryly remarks, "is probably right"), and, in general, the "sea of architecture pouring with majestic pomp down the slopes of University Heights and along the sides of Central Park in crest after crest of tangled towers."

"Now I infer that the true import of this," writes Mr. Cram, "is, first, that the skyscraper alone reveals, for us, 'the true dignity of architecture and the true source of its power'; second, that 'our own time' contains, again for us, all truth, and that the discoveries, deductions, theories and superstitions of the last hundred and fifty years not only take precedence of, but altogether eliminate, the wisdom and the works of the past six thousand years during which man, as man, has existed on the earth." And Mr. Cram might well have added, that this too is the import of what is claimed for many other developments of ultramodernity, as well as architecture, for they are often put forward, as he says modern architecture is, as proofs, or at least as implications, that "this modern world, which is hardly more than a hundred years old and is admittedly a new thing, without any kinship, even left-handed, with all that went before, is so supreme and conclusive that every spiritual, intellectual, and character value out of the past, together with the visible manifestations thereof, must be scrapped and those forces or institutions, e.g., the university and the church, which have existed, say, a thousand and two thousand years, respectively, must take their color from the new civilization the plains of Harlem and Manhattan so superbly show, sloughing off the tattered and outmoded habiliments of the past and becoming—studious university and solemn church—one with the bank, the insurance office, and the department store, the hotel, apartment-house, and Rotary club, the garage, the movie-house, and the hangar."

With all this, Mr. Cram disagrees. He does not damn the new architecture, even with faint praise; in fact, his praise of its best results is genuine and enthusiastic; but he will not because he cannot admit that the new architecture, and so many other new aspects of mere novelty or experimentation, justify a complete break with the civilization and culture slowly built up by humanity during thousands of years before the coming of the industrial revolution. "Are there no values in this great record," he asks, "that have not been desecrated and obliterated by this new arrival? There are, and some of these values will endure after the new architecture and the power that brought it into superb being, have become indeed 'tangled towers' not of upstanding and obvious stone but of rusted and contorted steel, while that virile force that brought them into being has turned to weakness and its memory become one with that of Thebes and Babylon and Ur of the Chaldees."

These values are chiefly spiritual and intellectual, and "are mostly embodied in religion and education." As it would have been illogical for the material powers loosed by the Reformation and the Renaissance to have been expressed through the old arts called into being by the great forces of an older culture, so, too, thinks Mr. Cram, would it be illogical, perhaps also quite calamitous, for the representatives of that religion and intellect today to abandon their traditions and adopt the vesture of an alien thing, opposed to them in ethos, and with which they have at best, "only a guarded sympathy." Such a mismating of soul and body was attempted at the Renaissance, with disastrous results. We stand today, this philosopher-artist believes, and his thought is worth pondering, where humanity stood 500 years ago, "in a world with no visible element of that unity that substantially existed down to the sixteenth century." The architect or artist of any sort, who does not surrender to the heresy of modernism, which is the denial of tradition and of all doctrine handed down from the past, must leave the new world to go its own triumphant way, "as long as it can," knowing that it cannot perpetuate itself; meanwhile seeking ground from which, while preserving and using the valid things inherited from of old, an advance may be made. We think, for our part, that this is not only the problem of architecture, it is the problem of economics, of government, of the whole management of human society—and the Catholic Church is that needed ground and pillar of the truth of culture, as well as the truth of religion. Art will advance (with all other life forces) when it returns to that norm and guardian of human values. One of the pioneers of that advance is Ralph Adams Cram. Not only as an architect has he raised the cross above the tangled towers of many a city, but as a Christian philosopher he has pointed out in books that are perhaps as valuable as his churches, that the cross is not a mere relic of the outmoded past. It is not of one day alone, like modernism. It is the sign in which the past meets the future, in an ever-vital present.

WEEK BY WEEK

Men and Machines

THERE is bitter irony in the following statement of the American section of the International Chamber of Commerce: "Temporary or permanent displacement of industrial workers by technological improvement is essentially a problem of vocational readjustment." This is simply saying that as machines are adjusted for bigger and better production, men are thrown out of adjustment. Machines have the jobs, but men who have none must learn something new, learn while they are not earning. Men

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out of a job are not considered liabilities to industry; they are not chargeable as overhead as are unused machines. To say the least, the jargon of the statement does not seem to us to be helpful, and the conclusion of the committee that machinery "has failed to cause any appreciable diminution of employment opportunities of industrial workers" seems to be based on specious evidence. From 1919 to 1929 there was a decrease of 250,000 in the number of manufacturing wage-earners, or of 2.8 percent. But, says the committee, this could not be attributed primarily to technological changes, as deflation after the war caused a reduction of more than 2,000,000. The meaninglessness of this comparison must be fairly obvious in consideration of the change of function from war manufacturing to peace manufacturing, and the demobilization of the army causing untellable social confusion and shifts in buying power at that time. What would be really interesting and convincing, would be a comparison with the conditions at present when, according to the most recent statement of the Secretary of Labor, 6,000,000 are unemployed. On this basis, a second bitter irony would seem apparent, that peace is more dangerous to the welfare of the laboring man than war. We suggest that the committee try again.

Catholic Charities

WITH the words, "It can be said that there is no form of human misery whose tears it has not been able to wipe away and no social service to which it has not been able to adapt itself as occasion demanded," the Holy Father blessed the work of Catholic Charities of New York. At first this encomium might seem to be a figure of speech or emphasis by overstatement. One wonders, and a little meditation brings enlightenment. What are the works of charity? The extraordinarily effective organization instituted by Cardinal Hayes some ten years ago for the collection of funds and for their administration without duplication and waste, is well known. The active campaign for the coming year starts next week. In the past year, besides $921,000 which it raised for a New York civic and non-sectarian committee for unemployment relief, it gathered $1,546,000 for the requirements of the more than two hundred Catholic agencies caring for the sick, the destitute, orphans, persons in prison. Whatever social theorists cry about "the opiate of the people" and whatever say the know-nothings who are professional and private enemies of the Church, those who give utterance to every stale lie, or who honestly, but ignorantly, fear it, here in its charity is practical evidence that even the prejudiced cannot discredit and even the ignorant can appreciate. It is real charity: it embraces not only the philanthropy of the wealthy, but also, as every Catholic knows to the increase in his affection and his pride in his religion, it embraces a remarkable generosity of the humble, of the horny-handed sons and daughters of toil, who without ostentation and with that truly noble dignity of the humble, give though it means stinting and real deprivations for them.

"FOR INDEED, what can be of greater excellence than Christian charity, which, since it is the queen of all virtues, can alone, as history witnesses, bring peace and prosperity to the nations?" continued the Holy Father. That peace is the great gift of charity, is apparent on reflection. There is the peace of aching bodies cared for in hospitals by doctors trained and equipped with the latest benefits of science and aided by the efficient and quiet nuns and nurses, the peace of crying needs answered, not by wordy social theories and envisagements of future utopias, but by immediate and practical help. Besides this physical peace, there is the peace of spirit of those who receive aid and who reflect that the Saviour's words, "Ask and it shall be given to you," were not merely words and that His kingdom still prevails on earth. This does not mean to imply that the Faith will, or can, supply for the asking all those things which envy or greed might call for over and above the necessities. Its comprehensive and perhaps greatest charity is the peace that it gives through its teaching that the possession of these things is not the highest good, that the possession of things cannot banish human misery as can faith and hope, fortitude and understanding, and that those individuals, as well as nations, are really prosperous where charity is—Christian charity, immediate, practical and tender.

Childish Minds in Moscow

IF YOU prove that some of the devices of religion are childish, or directed to the childishness in man, you have proved nothing that traditional Christianity does not claim. Traditional Christianity has plenty of iron in it, as no one conversant with the history of Christian sanctity will deny. It contemplates an enlargement of the spirit, an induration of the will, a civilization of the whole higher being, which surpass anything of their kind yet proposed for man. Its duties are the sternest, its range of truth the widest, its doctrine of man's nature the loftiest, the responsibility it imposes on him the most staggering. But it is aimed at the whole man, and it takes the sublime text, "Unless ye become as little children," as a warrant not only for preaching humility, trust and innocence, but for promoting joy and expansiveness. It delights our senses with sight, sound and fragrance. It gives us statues and pictures of our friends, the saints. It encourages us to march, shout and sing together, to have games and gladness and bright colors on days of rejoicing. It sprouts clusters of customs and festivities which keep alive all that was best in the fantastic gaiety of paganism. This is not a confession. It is a definition, not a boast.

BUT WHAT of the childishness of the militantly unreligious? They claim to represent the human mind at an adult level; to them, these things are so many

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signs of arrested development, and it is their avowed purpose to lead us all out of that nursery, to teach us all the sobering exultation of the creed that there is no God but man. Then why the antics of these good people every time they are really turned loose in history? Why do anti-religious revolutionists of every age and clime invariably exhibit their spiritual maturity by blasphemous buffooneries like profaning the Host or burning the Pope in effigy or hoisting a harlot up on the altars of Notre Dame? Mr. Walter Duranty describes, in the New York *Times,* how the latest of these emancipators of the human mind used Easter Sunday in Moscow to display *their* emergence from the stultifications of religion. During services in the churches, "young atheists sang anti-religious songs and held mock church services in the streets of the city. Those parading outside carried banners inscribed, 'Down with Jesus Christ!' and 'Long Live Leninism!' Old tram cars were fitted out as altars, and youthful atheists wearing exaggerated priestly garments carried on mock services as the cars moved through the principal streets of Moscow. The anti-religious museum . . . was the scene of another burlesque, imitation priests marching around the building with crosses at midnight." This cannot be pooh-poohed as a mere solitary explosion, a "reaction." It has been going on for years. It is as carefully planned as a religious festival. Its participants seem to take much the same pleasure in it. How the sympathizers of those participants can pass it by without serious protest, we simply cannot understand. It may not shock their taste, since taste is the penumbra of morals; it will not, of course, shock their sense of reverence, since they are non-reverent on principle. But how can its intellectual character escape them? How can they accept a half-witted malice, which is like nothing in the world but the spite games played by stupid children, as a step toward the fuller dignity, the completer liberty, of man?

Old-age Security

THE PLEDGING of the powerful support of the American Federation of Labor to the movement for old-age security marked the fourth annual conference of the organization which has so notably stirred the conscience of the nation, and brought about at least fairly satisfactory pension laws in New York and other states, although, even so, the United States is still classed with China among the most backward of the nations in providing for its worn-out workers. Fifteen states, however, have taken action, and the field agents and state officials attending the conference in New York reported satisfying evidence that the movement was making rapid progress throughout the country. The executive secretary of the American Association for Old-age Security, Mr. Abraham Epstein, whose articles in THE COMMONWEAL a year ago played a part in the movement in this state, reported to the conference that while only 4,000 persons had enjoyed old-age benefits through legislation in 1929, now the number had reached 40,000. "Every test and sign during the last year indicates that the citizenry of America is determined to wipe out this ancient blot—old-age insecurity and the poorhouse—from our civilization," said Mr. Epstein. President Green, of the Federation of Labor, declared that it was not improvidence on the part of workers, but causes for the most part beyond their control, that led to their destitution. Many employers discriminated against men and women more than forty or forty-five years old; while inadequate wages during the earning period, industrial superannuation, illness and misfortune were contributing causes. We hope that the optimism of Secretary Epstein will be proved to have been justified, and that even in the midst of widespread depression the progress of social justice to the aging workers will continue on the sound lines established by the fifteen states that have taken the lead.

Colonel Michael Friedsam

BIG BUSINESS at it best lost one of its most respected leaders in the person of Colonel Michael Friedsam, of New York, at whose funeral rites recently representatives of all the great religious, social, municipal and international organizations of which he had been a member, or with which he had coöperated, mingled with a host of personal friends of the dead merchant prince. Eminent among American Jews, both by his magnificent charity and constructive leadership, Catholic Charities and many other philanthropic activities of religious groups other than his own, were aided generously by him. The Cardinal Archbishop of New York sent his personal representative to Temple Emanu-El to testify to his appreciation and gratitude. But Colonel Friedsam was not one of those wealthy philanthropists who aid good works merely with a check book. Highly successful in building up the great business of B. Altman and Company, he applied his outstanding gifts most freely in active participation in many educational and cultural channels that contributed to the common weal. As head of the State Educational Commission some years ago he left his mark for permanent good upon the enlargement and improvement of the public schools. Devoted as Colonel Friedsam was, throughout his long life, to New York City, it was characteristic of his wide vision and deep sense of the value of the communal progress of the state, that his labors on the Educational Commission were particularly beneficial to the schools of the rural districts. Like many merchant princes of old times as well as modern days, he was deeply interested in art: but, again, he differed from many commercial patrons who merely build up great collections, by virtue of his cultivated taste, and personal knowledge of the treasures which he added to America's growing wealth of the masterpieces of painting. He exemplified the stewardship of wealth and opportunity, as opposed to crude acquisitiveness. His memory will be held in benediction.

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Rejecting Birth Control

WHAT we said a few weeks ago, in connection with the deplorable action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which strongly approved not only of the social expediency but of the moral character of birth control, to the effect that probably many of the more orthodox Protestant churches, in addition to millions of individual Protestant Christians, would repudiate the Federal Council, has been already justified. At the time we wrote, the official head of the great Lutheran Church, had spoken out, and now Bishop Warren A. Candler, in a letter in the Atlanta *Constitution,* declares that the Federal Council does not represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. "The Federal Council of Churches," the bishop writes, "is composed of members appointed by several of the Protestant churches and it is designed to represent those churches within proper limits. Its deliverance in the matter of birth control has no authorization from any churches supporting it, and what it has said I regard as most unfortunate, not to use any stronger words." We sincerely hope, and rather expect, that the ecclesiastical authorities of other Protestant churches will similarly repudiate the subversive action of the so-called liberal element which apparently gained the upper hand in the high command of the Federal Council, and thus prove that the latter went too far in its attempt to commit the Protestant churches of the country as a whole to the support of the utterly anti-Christian doctrine of contraception.

Theodore Dreiser Again

HOLLYWOOD, it seems, has done what Mr. Sinclair Lewis couldn't. It has slapped Mr. Dreiser; not on the cheek but on the aesthetic sensibilities—the seat, one gathers, of much deeper pain. For and in consideration of the sum of $150,000 (at least those are the figures one finds oneself blinking at in the news accounts) he gave up the movie rights of "An American Tragedy." Now he has seen the film in preview; it has enraged and horrified him, as a mere mutilation and caricature of the book, and he has come back East vowing to fight in court, if need be, to prevent its public showing. "I have," he says, "a literary character to maintain." The sentiment is admirable, but the surprise is surely a little naive. Authors who sell to Hollywood must realize, by now, the hazards to which they subject their work; and an author who sells for $150,000 must know that he is selling not so much his work as his name. However, as we have always been numbered with Mr. Dreiser's less enthusiastic public, it is only fair for us to admit that we found much shrewd sense in this interview on Hollywood. Nay, we found humor. "If an earthquake or any other catastrophe happened," he observes tartly, "much less an economic depression, they would still be employing their magnificent brains out there on the right length of a kiss."

The Steps Are Empty

NEW YORK is no place for traditions, any more than the keel of a five-day liner is a place for barnacles. Specifically, the custom of foregathering on the front steps of the Fifth Avenue Public Library, was no doubt a nuisance to everyone but the foregatherers; wide as those steps are, they were always a little too full of drifters, meeters by appointment and knots of leaders of the larger life discussing the true, the good and the beautiful, for the comfort of any forthright soul going in or coming out with books. They made a business of being there, and had to be interdicted, one supposes, just as poor George Gissing (wasn't it?) had to be interdicted from indulging in other than "casual ablutions" in the lavatory of the British Museum. Yet we, for one, regret the official edict which has now cleared that whole space of loiters. There was something picturesque in the inutilitarian leisure of those strolling groups in their uplifted square above the everlasting stream of Fifth Avenue and the clamorous congestion of Forty-second Street. There was something vivid and exotic in their social coloring. There was something soothing in the very sameness of their endless discussion of ideas. One got used to seeing the same faces week after week and month after month. One got used to straying among them occasionally, in a restful, impersonal intimacy compounded of familiarity and separation. In a word, they were a tradition, and we mourn their passing.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE

WE KNOW of nothing so inspiring of hope in the works of the Church, as its "unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy." In less poetic language, it gives one the assurance that it will be in business some years hence, no matter what evolutions, devolutions and revolutions of social and political institutions may have taken place around it. It is truly a rock in a sea of change. It alone has a definite core of principles by which individuals and groups of individuals grubbing away at the minutiae of practical matters are united. They are united not only by their common purpose, which under the general heading of good intention is the same for all individuals and groups seeking such ends as peace, but also they are united by a common ideology and to a greater degree than any other international body, by a common phraseology. The enormous potential advantage of this is obvious, and to anyone who has had some experience in attendance at the meetings of learned societies, or leagues for this or that, it must seem the only solid ground in a deluge of digressive and diffusive thoughts and sounding pharses.

The recent meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace was a specific instance. In retrospect, out of the mentally unsettling prolixity of ideas which are the inevitable first effect of such meetings,

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the impression finally emerges that we have tried to suggest above. This association is imbued with the majestic instancy of the Church, of God's will. One of the speakers in referring privately to the work of a committee headed by the Reverend John A. Ryan and Professor Parker T. Moon, said that it would be completed five years from now, or maybe ten years. This was no indication of a dilletante leisureliness, but of a sense of proportion. Constructive ends are not effected over night, though destructive ones, such as anarchy, may be. One may rest assured that the committee will not go off half-cocked and let loose a theory of action, or some panacea for peace, which might form the intellectual exercise of a small group of scholars and commentators to whom it has a special appeal. Its work will be to face realities, in as far as possible all of them, to stand not only the ardors but also the endurances of scholarly investigation, criticism and synthesis. When its work is, as regards one stage, finished, a program for the just regulation of international economics, similar in character to the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction, will be promulgated. While of course it will not presume to resemble an ex cathedra pronouncement, it will have a definiteness and an appeal to the thoughts and acts of many thousands of practical persons and will enter into the vast, constructive and continual influence of the Church, for the guidance of Christian men and women.

Other committees, on ethics, law and organization, economics, agriculture, history, education, racial attitudes, United States dependencies, Latin America, Europe and Asia, are likewise carrying on the details of the enterprise with scholarly thoroughness and Catholic all-inclusiveness. Under the chairmanship of the Reverend Maurice S. Sheehy of the Catholic University, for instance, the study of racial attitudes and national antipathies as they are observed by teachers in approximately two hundred and fifty schools, both Catholic and non-Catholic, will be the basis for a program of peace education in Catholic elementary schools. If this be not practical application to the problem of discovering the causes for the mass antagonisms that result in war and a practical beginning on their eradication, then the tenets of modern pedagogy are so many chimeras.

The conditions which alone justify a state in entering upon war, were described by Father Cyprian Emmanuel, O.F.M., professor of ethics and social sciences at the Franciscan College in Cleveland, Ohio, as follows: "that war be undertaken solely in vindication of a strict right; that there be adequate proportion between the violated right and the evils of war; that recourse be had to war only as a last appeal; that there be reasonable hope of victory; that it be initiated by public authority; that the belligerents be guided by the right intention; and that the war be rightly conducted." In conclusion he added: "In few, if any, modern wars have all these conditions been verified, or was even an honest attempt made to observe them, by the nations which initiated hostilities. Indeed, an honest effort to observe all these conditions would render war practically impossible."

Thus it may be observed that although there are reasons for a just war, in which reasons practically everyone who is not a jingo pacifist must concur, the probability is that the concurrence of all these reasons would never happen; so the preservation of peace rather than the preparation for war should appeal to every conscience. Agencies for the preservation of peace, the World Court and the League of Nations, the Pan-American Conferences, and the United States of Europe were discussed by various speakers. Of the European union, Miss Marie J. Carroll, head of the reference service on international affairs of the World Peace Foundation in Boston, said: "Twenty-six European countries have all agreed, this measure for restoration of the economic order of the world must not conflict with the program of the League of Nations, must not be directed against any other nation or group of nations, and that it must not imperil the sovereignty of any state. The establishment of a system for the rational organization of Europe was declared to be imperative. This European Union, as a result of the two sessions held in September, 1930, and January, 1931, has become a commission of the League of Nations." In view of recent developments in Europe, in which some states have sought to disavow the solidarity and inclusiveness of the League of Nations and the European Union, this statement by Miss Carroll gives grave matter for reflection.

Mr. Patrick J. Ward, Fellow of the American Geographical Society, and director of the Bureau of Information, National Catholic Welfare Conference, addressing the association on the subject of overpopulation, which Dr. Moore is treating so authoritatively in THE COMMONWEAL, said in summary: "In place of optimum population, which is entirely in the realm of theory, the world is actually faced with a change in the balance of power between nations. This will be the inevitable result of the decline of populations, especially the rapid and incontrollable decline in those countries which seek to eliminate congestion through immoral and unnatural means rather than through intelligent economic adjustment and development and the proper distribution of wealth."

The association, which has its national headquarters at 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., is seeking members, especially those whose interests and experience are such that they can enter into the work of investigation and preparation of reports. The Church, "most perfect model of a universal society," as Pope Benedict XV has declared, thus carries on the labors of preparing the good-will of men for peace upon earth. It offers according to the present Pontiff, "the mystery of unity and charity which can contribute most effectively to bringing about reconciliation among men." Certainly peace is a basically Christian cause in which all who can should interest themselves.

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FUTURES IN FOOD

By EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE

THE MENACE of overpopulation is a myth.[1] A declining population would be a national calamity.[2] But can the world sustain a population with even a small coefficient of expansion?

Population restrictionists answer this question in the negative. They base their reply on one of two concepts: the so-called "law of diminishing returns," and the "optimum theory" of population. The conclusion derived from either of these concepts is that population control is the secret of prosperity.

This is not nearly so modern or so novel a solution as most of its advocates believe. It is pointed out by Stangeland[3] that the Greeks clearly viewed marriage as a political institution intended to furnish the state with inhabitants and citizens without whom it could not exist. Yet as early as Plato and Aristotle definitely restrictive ideas were making their appearance, engendered chiefly by the sharp disorder and tribulation of the commercial and industrial population of Athens, with its constant threat to the political order and tranquillity of the city. Plato, in his "Republic," went so far as to fix with precision the number of free citizens at 5,040, representing in all some 25,000 free persons and a substantial number, of course, of slaves. If a tendency toward excessive population were to develop, procreation would be limited or forbidden by law; if, on the other hand, the population fell below the figure stipulated, celibacy would be banned, and prizes and exemptions granted to fathers of large families.[4]

Aristotle, though differing from his master in method, also committed himself to state regulation of population. "The most suitable limit," he says, "for the population of a city is that it shall include the largest number of inhabitants requisite to satisfy the necessities of its life without making their proper supervision difficult."[5]

As the lives of nations go, it did not take long for Hellenic thought and experience to realize how utterly mistaken restrictionist philosophy had been. Polybius could write within a century of the death of Aristotle that Hellas "suffers from the cessation of procreation and from a lack of human beings, so that whole cities have become deserted," and that "sterility is universal even though we have not been afflicted either by continual warfare nor by disastrous consequences"; and he found the cause of it all in the love of display and idleness which caused his fellow Greeks to avoid marriage and paternity. "The most they consent to do," he wrote, "is to have one or two children whom they may leave rich and seated in the lap of luxury." So Greece, "whose philosophers had been haunted by the nightmare of overpopulation, fell, half wasted and depopulated, into the hands of Rome."[6]

From the fifth century B. C. to the twentieth of the Christian era may seem a far cry, yet "in the Malthusian and neo-Malthusian literature of our day, we have seen reappear the fallacies and the most disconcerting ideas of the Greek philosophers."[7] The same fear of overpopulation, the same hue and cry for population control—and this with the same downward trend already under way! Who knows but that the descendents of this generation will hear the same lament!

The so-called "law of diminishing returns" began to take on importance early in the nineteenth century. Sir Edward West formulated the principle during the Corn Law discussions, in these terms: ". . . Each equal additional quantity of work bestowed upon agriculture yields an actually diminished return, and of course, if *each* equal additional quantity of work yields an actually diminished return, the *whole* of the work bestowed on agriculture . . . yields an actually diminished proportionate return."[8] But in the light of subsequent developments in economic theory, West seems not to have thought of a very important factor, namely, improvements in knowledge and technique.

In later years, the principle of diminishing returns, which had been discussed by West, Ricardo and their contemporaries chiefly in respect to the cultivation of grain, was seized upon as an explanation of the effects of growth in population. It thus came to be falsely interpreted as meaning that every increase in population would result in a smaller production of goods per person.

This view is formulated typically by Harold Wright in his volume "Population," in these words: "The growth of population increases the demand for food." And: "The law of diminishing returns shows itself in an increasing difficulty in extracting further food supplies from the soil."[9] So also East[10], Ross[11], Thompson[12], and others, including Pitkin, who concludes that, therefore, "man must control the birth rate

[1] See the first article of this series, "The Standing-Room-Only Myth," in THE COMMONWEAL, April 8, 1931.
[2] See the second article of this series, "The Contraception of Prosperity," in THE COMMONWEAL, April 15, 1931.
[3] C. E. Stangeland, "Pre-Malthusian Theories of Population," p. 18. New York, 1904.
[4] See "Histoire des doctrines de la population," by René Gonnard, the best general history of population theory. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, 1923.
[5] Aristotle, "Politics," book IV, chapter iv, p. 8.
[6] Gonnard, op. cit., chapter iii.
[7] Gonnard, op. cit., p. 49.
[8] Quoted by Edwin Cannan, "Wealth," p. 63.
[9] Harold Wright, "Population," pp. 60-61. New York: The Universty Press, 1923.
[10] Edward M. East, "Mankind at the Crossroads," p. 75. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927.
[11] Edward Alsworth Ross, "Standing Room Only?", p. 116. New York: The Century Co., 1927.
[12] Warren S. Thompson, "Population: A Study in Malthusianism," p. 115. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1915.

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and keep his numbers within reasonable limits, or he must suffer from the hardships of a continuous and severe struggle with nature to get a scanty livelihood."[1]

At one time this interpretation of diminishing returns found wide acceptance; today, however, it is rejected by the more authoritative economists.

In the first place, there are no data to substantiate it; in the second, such experience as has been collated and analyzed points to quite the opposite conclusion, i.e., that the relationship between population growth and agricultural production must be formulated in terms of *increasing* not *decreasing* returns.[2]

This has been the experience in the United States. According to each decennial census from 1880 to 1920 the percentages of our population living on farms were approximately 44, 39, 38.8, 34.2 and 29.8. According to the 1930 census, this percentage is estimated to be about 24. Again, from 1925 to 1929 alone, there was a decline of 76,700 in the number of farms and a shrinkage in farm land of 31,000,000 acres. Yet during this same period agricultural production increased.

As a matter of fact, it has been well said that in this country there is no question of "population pressing upon the food supply," but rather one of "food pressing upon the population." This is emphatically instanced by the wheat situation, described in the preceding article of this series, but is so striking as to bear further mention. As an emergency measure to stave off complete disaster, the Federal Farm Board purchased at a rate far above the market value, and now holds as a practically unsalable surplus, approximately two hundred million bushels of wheat. Moreover, the board has constantly maintained that the only solution for this manifestly acute problem of overproduction is a radical decrease in the number of acres planted, a decrease which, in the opinion of Alexander Legge, who recently resigned the chairmanship of the board, should approximate 20 percent of the total acreage now under cultivation.

In the light of these facts, it is hardly possible to infer diminishing returns! In fact, so striking has been this development that Warren S. Thompson, who in 1915 had declared that " . . . the United States is rapidly approaching the point where it will not be a self-supporting nation."[3] now has come to the conclusion that " . . . so far as we in the United States are concerned, the problem of providing ourselves with agricultural products does not appear likely to become serious within the predictable future."[4]

It is true that Thompson specifically limits his statement to the United States. But Thompson's original statement also referred only to the United States and predicted for that nation a rapid approach to the saturation point. Much neo-Malthusian literature has pointed in the same direction. In this respect at least, therefore, it is evident that neo-Malthusian calculations are undergoing some recasting, for Thompson has been one of the more renowned advocates of birth prevention. His own frank admission should go far to hasten a general recognition of the now palpable incorrectness of earlier conclusions.

Further, at the very time that our domestic problem of agricultural overproduction is causing us no little anxiety, there is being held in Rome, a "World Grain Parley," one of whose principal objectives is to *reduce the world's wheat acreage!* For that purpose delegates from forty-six countries are assembled.

Finally, with the greatest of caution must be evaluated arguments sometimes drawn by neo-Malthusian theorists on population from conditions in China, Java, India and other regions. Discerning investigation of the history, traditions and institutions of these countries goes far in eliminating population as the principal cause of their depressed state. Primitive methods of cultivation, the lack of transportation facilities, failure to utilize power resources, and protracted periods of internal strife, all evidently contribute to the distress of so large a proportion of these populations. Moreover, it is frequently thought that China's last acre of tillable soil is in use. This is not the case. Perhaps not more than a quarter or a third of the cultivable land of China is utilized in agriculture, more than half a billion acres being still available.

The impossibility of an exhaustive consideration, within the limits of an article of this type, of the many factors affecting world food supply must be evident. Sufficient probably has been said, however, to warrant the statement that up to the present food production has not only kept pace with but has considerably outstripped population growth. It may now be added that no evidence exists to lend support to the supposition that the experience of the past may not be considered a reliable index of the future. In the United States, for example, no estimate of the upper limit of population capable of being sustained can be anything but the merest conjecture. In 1919, 365,000,000 acres of land were devoted to the production of food for home consumption and export.[5] There remain 608,000,000 acres available for such use.[6] The supposition that an acre may eventually provide for one person's food requirements is not an exaggerated contention. Japan is doing that today with agricultural methods which certainly may be greatly improved. This indicates at once a pos-

[1] Walter B. Pitkin, "Must We Fight Japan?" p. 324. New York: The Century Co., 1921.

[2] Alfred Marshall, "Principles of Economics," eighth edition, p. 321. Raymond Pearl, "The Biology of Population Growth," pp. 208-213. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated, 1925. Kurt Ritter, "Landwirtschaftliche Entwicklungstendenzen in der Welt," in *Zeitschrift für die Gesamte Stattswissenschaft*, 1929, vol. 87, pp. 297-359.

[3] Warren S. Thompson, "Population: A Study of Malthusianism," edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, vol. 63, no. 3, p. 115. New York: Columbia University Press, 1915.

[4] Warren S. Thompson, "Population Problems," first edition, pp. 257-258. New York: McGraw-Hill Company.

[5] L. C. Gray, O. E. Baker and other co-authors, "The Utilization of Our Land for Crops, Pasture and Forests," United States Department of Agriculture, *Agriculture Year Book*, 1925, p. 416. Government Printing Office, 1924.

[6] Ibid.

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sible population far greater than any we seem destined to produce.

Such figures, however, take little account of the more efficient utilization possible of land under cultivation. On the basis merely of present scientific knowledge and per capita crop land requirements, a much larger population could be maintained with no increase of acreage. The substitution of mechanical power for animal power, the selection of livestock more efficient in the conversion of feed into food, the substitution of more productive crops for less productive, and the use of fertilizer and crop rotation, are a few of the ways in which this could be accomplished.[1] Apply the above processes to the whole world, and even without the help of a single scientific process not today known and accepted, the planet is capable of supporting a population measurable only in astronomical terms!

But even when the potentialities of land for food production have been exhausted, there still remains the possibility of synthetic food. This is by no means a wild fancy. Its feasibility has been clearly explained by Carl L. Alsberg[2] of the Food Research Institute of the University of California. According to Alsberg, the principal groups of foodstuffs—carbohydrates, proteins and fats—can at the present time be manufactured in the laboratory. Moreover, with regard to the ultimate source of the energy which must go into food, he believes that it is "by no means hopeless for the chemist to expect ultimately to develop processes for the storage of solar radiation that will be far more efficient than the net result of agriculture."[3] When this is accomplished—and Alsberg says that "the solutions may be nearer than most men think"—all discussion of future world population, as far as any question of food shortage is concerned, becomes an abstract exercise in pure mathematics.

Since not by food alone does man live, a final word might be added concerning some of the other factors necessary or important to his existence. The advance of science has solved the nitrogen problem.[4] Potassium,[5] potash[6] and phosphorus[7] are most inexhaustible. The metallic resources need cause no anxiety. The coal supply of this country is sufficient to last 3,500 years at the present rate of consumption. The vast petroleum reserves cannot be accurately estimated. Water power is available to six times its present utilization. Moreover, science, with many hundreds of years in which to work before the immediately available resources are exhausted, has already gone far in the solving of the problems involved in gaining energy from the sun, the ocean, the wind and the forces of gravitation.

With the growing recognition by leading economists everywhere of the validity of the considerations contained in the preceding paragraphs, discussion of population trends is now directed toward the newly emerged "optimum theory." This theory, to borrow from Cannan's phraseology, supposes that there is a point when "the population is so exactly fitted to the circumstances that returns would be diminished if it were either less or more than it is. This population has been christened the 'optimum' population."[8]

Although this theory is still in the early stages of its development and is surrounded by a great deal of vagueness, it has already been seized upon as justification for the reduction of the birth rate as a national policy. Its proponents leap from the acceptance of the theory itself to a dual assumption utterly unwarranted by it; namely, that the optimum population has already been reached, and that contraception is a means of insuring its maintenance.

But the validity of this reasoning is open to grave question. In the first place, an optimum population is incapable of calculation. In the second place, population will not respond to a stop-and-go signal like a stream of traffic at a street intersection. And finally, even were we to prescind from the two preceding considerations, either one of which relegates the optimum to the limbo of intriguing but unworkable theories, there is a third objection: *By it "standard of living" is set up as the primary purpose of human existence, and "per capita income" as the ultimate criterion of happiness.* It is a "frankly utilitarian"[9] and purely material and mechanistic concept, eliminating from consideration all other aspects of life.

The practical difficulties in the way of the workability of the theory of the optimum become evident upon but little consideration. Dr. O. E. Baker suggests that a national commission of experts be appointed to do two things: (a) to calculate the optimum, and (b) having done this, to devise means whereby such an optimum could be maintained. This is indeed a proposal in keeping with our present national policy of solving difficulties—but no commission ever appointed would have a less enviable task! It will be remembered that, in the words of Robbins, "the optimum is not a fodder optimum"; the maximum return or income involved in the concept refers not to agriculture alone but *to industry in the aggregate.* Consequently the calculation of an optimum would call for the computation of the average

[1] For a discussion and substantiation of these views see "What about the Year 2000? An Economic Summary," prepared by George M. Peterson under the direction of Joint Committee on Bases of Sound Land Policy, p. 124. Harrisburg, Pa.: Mount Pleasant Press, 1929. Also see "The Land: Conservation of Our Natural Resources," based on Van Hise's "The Conservation of Natural Resources in the United States"; edited by Loomis Havemeyer, pp. 347-356. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1930. Also see John D. Black, "Agricultural Reform in the United States," first edition, pp. 392-393. New York: McGraw-Hill Company, 1929.

[2] Carl Alsberg, "Progress in Chemistry and the Theory of Population," in *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry,* May, 1924, vol. X, no. 5, pp. 524-526.

[3] Ibid. p. 526.

[4] George S. Wehrwein, "The Land: Conservation of Our Natural Resources"; edited by Loomis Havemeyer, p. 380. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1930.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

[7] George S. Wehrwein, op. cit. p. 382.

[8] Edwin Cannan, "A Review of Economic Theory," p. 81. London: P. S. King and Son, 1929.

[9] A. B. Wolfe, "The Optimum Size of Population," pp. 68, 69.

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returns for each agricultural *and industrial* unit in the country, a preposterous undertaking in itself. After accomplishing this, it would be necessary to calculate a composite series of average returns which would consolidate the findings with respect to the innumerable individual units. It would be scarcely possible to exaggerate the technical difficulties involved in this task, difficulties which evidently so troubled Cannan in his explanation of the optimum that he simply side-stepped the issue with the words, "If we *suppose* all difficulties about the measurement of the returns to all industries taken together to be *somehow* overcome. . . "[1] (Italics mine.)

But prescinding for the moment from the discussion as to how an optimum figure is to be arrived at, what methods are to be adopted to secure and maintain the optimum once it is known? The immediate reply of the neo-Malthusian is, of course, the prevention of human births. But this is not an adequate answer. An optimum supposes that birth rates must not fall below nor rise above a certain point. There would indeed appear to be little difficulty on the latter score. A birth rate that from one decennial census to the next (1920-1930) drops by a fifth (23.7-18.9) should certainly allay all anxiety on this point. But it must be remembered that the optimum concept admits of under- as well as over-population.

What would happen if the situation arose—as it well may arise—when a rising birth rate were needed to restore the balance? Are the proponents of this theory so utterly naive as to suppose that a simple announcement to that effect from our optimum commission would be sufficient to change the established habit of a nation? Scarcely! Once train a people in the practice of contraception; once start a population on the downward path, and it will take far more than a mere proclamation of need to tie up again the devastating forces that have been loosed!

The third point on which the concept of the optimum must evidently fail is that it is purely material. It places income per capita as the ultimate gage or standard of human well-being. But as Hobson well points out: "Family affection and the interests and activities attached to it play an important part in most men's lives, and as they grow older this attachment to a younger and more active generation that is near and dear to them goes far to maintain the zest and savor of life. A childless or a one-child marriage incurs the risk of an old age of emotional poverty that is likely to be underestimated in the prime of life. A larger family circle is, in spite of all that cynics say, a better school of character and of experience than a small one, and furnishes more fruitful contacts with wider ranges of society."[2]

The whole human race might well be cited in further and final rejection of any theory enthroning material wealth as the essential component and ultimate measure of happiness. A world so motivated would be lost to all the high urgings of the spirit. Art, literature, culture, would be ruled out as wasteful scattering of energy. The sanctions of eternity would be non-existent for it; evaluation of perishable things in the light shed by consciousness of an imperishable destiny would be a contradiction in terms; justice and charity would be relics of an age of sentiment and superstition; self-sacrifice would be an insoluble anachronism in a society living, breathing, existing for self alone. The "Lady Poverty" of the Sage of Assisi would be a mad figment of a disordered imagination.

So, because it is incapable of both calculation and application, and because it would present a material measuring rod to a world in which the spirit cannot be denied, the optimum theory of population must be rejected.

These, then, are the facts pertinent to the much mooted question of population control. In the first place, restrictionist propaganda is based upon the assumption that population is today steadily increasing, and that this increase will continue. This assumption is unfounded. In the second place, it is urged that a smaller population will lead to less unemployment, higher wages and a general improvement in economic and industrial conditions. But it has been indicated that a declining population would be a national calamity. Finally, doubt has been expressed as to the capacity of the world to support a growing family. But careful consideration eliminates all fear on this account. The past presents a picture of resource in excess of all requirement. The future is one of promise. We must not allow ourslves to be puzzled or terrified by false reasoning and raucous propaganda.

[1] Edwin Cannan, "Wealth; A Brief Explanation of the Causes of Economic Welfare," pp. 346-353. London: Macmillan and Company, 1929.

[2] J. A. Hobson, "Wealth and Life," pp. 343-344.

Secret Closes

Tread gently now, O my beloved, these closes
Where hidden and fragile my flowers are trembling
Pale in the joy of your coming, nor say over a litany—
Rose and peonies, larkspurs and fuchsias—to name them.
These are the sown, the unsown, sweet strangers to
meadow and garden,
These are the pruned and the weed choked, blossoms that
petal
Watered with hopes, defiant of failures or sorrows,
Buds drooping in soil sour and shaded and stony,
Seedlings that pant for the rains and the suns of tomorrows.
Here where the past and the present presage all our future,
Clutching the gate key which love gave to your fingers,
Walk down the gravel unknown to the steps of another,
Speak naught of pain or of pleasure, till the path circling
Has rounded through sunlight and shadow, nor hasten.
Yet when the latchet is lifted turn to me, waiting,
Eyes dearer than dear and humble in beauty,
Sorrowful to mirror my fears or, meeting my hope, happy.
Tread softly then, O my beloved, I follow.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

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ROCKNE

By HUGH A. O'DONNELL

ROCKNE! What a clarion call that name will be to gridiron stars for years to come. Rockne of Notre Dame! I knew him well. Loved him. Yet I cannot understand how that simple, modest, genuine fellow, so intimate with many of us, was so great beyond our reckoning. Seldom has the death of a single man elicited so many tributes, national and international. Lindbergh won such tributes with a spectacular act that gripped the world. But he lives, and he is young. This man received encomiums from the President of the United States; from the ex-President; from two or three state legislatures in session, which passed resolutions; from the King of Norway; from hundreds of newspapers all over the United States for one full week—even yet they are pouring in; from millions of people throughout the world who read, or listened in on the international hook up of the radio, or one of the two or three national ones; and from Notre Dame alumni and students and their friends everywhere—until the result is so astounding that it is scarcely credible.

What magic did Rockne wield? Wherein did his supreme talent lie? Who can tell? It was not any one thing. It was everything. Least of all was it the one hundred and five football victories he won. It certainly was not that five of his teams never lost a game. It was the power these things gave him to become so enormously triumphant.

He loved youth—manly youth, active youth. He liked speed. He hated a youngster who walked slowly. He wanted them on their toes with an eagerness, not flippant but earnest. He wished them to be game, to live up to the spirit of the sport. He detested the big-headed fellow, the one who thought he knew more than others, or expressed himself as such. This meant his men must work in a clean way, fairly, honestly, quickly and effectively, whether the game was an interhall one at Notre Dame or on one of the gridirons throughout the country.

He wished to write, and did it himself. There were no "ghosts." If he could not do it himself, it was not done. He expressed himself. He was not wordy or voluble. There was a directness about his literary style that was appealing. He dealt with facts and presented them so clearly that they followed in nice sequence and contributed to a strong general statement. He listened to all kinds of offers; they came from every direction. He accepted what he could and gave his heart to them. He was a columnist; wrote many special articles; was the author of a number of books. All of them were successful because of his simplicity. He did not know how to make believe.

The radio gave him an opportunity. He used it whenever possible. I remember having been with him one evening and heard him on the radio the next night. I wrote to Notre Dame, telling him how well he did. He thought he was good but he was going to be better and said so. The radio pays well for a good half-hour, and Rockne earned his pay.

The motion pictures was a new field. He made the most of it. Through it he could easily teach his boys and show others his system, and his talks during these rehearsals were always characteristic. He was gruff, commanding, but never inconsiderate. If the boy could not make good, that was "too bad." There were many who could. The tremendous range made possible by the radio and motion pictures brought him close to the public; not to boys alone, nor students, nor sports; to everyone who likes clean, vigorous, energetic, outdoor life; likes doing something worth while in a sportsmanlike manner.

I never heard any better after-dinner speaker. Late one night I met a man in dress clothes coming from the Commodore. I asked him where he had been. "At a boresome affair." "How bad?" "There were 1,500 Blank people there [salesmen of a great organization] dinner and speakers, the usual sort, only worse; a lot of statistics— tiresome stuff." I said, "Wasn't anyone good?". "Yes, there was one fellow with a somewhat foreign name, I cannot recall it, who had the diners on their feet. He was an athletic coach at some school. But he had humor, pathos, punch and business. All right in every way. The best I ever heard." The next day, after lunch, I told Rockne that. A half-hour later, when I was leaving, he said, "You weren't kidding me about the dinner last night?" I think he would rather be considered a good after-dinner speaker than a superior athletic director. He wished to see results, and he did in the response to a speech; they came quickly and decisively.

I believe he rather resented the alleged limitations of a football coach. Rockne was well educated. On top of that, he was intellectual—many-sided; he could veer from chemistry to almost anything else. After being graduated from Notre Dame, he became the professor of that science. Then he went to coaching and from that to all the other things for which he has been known. He did these things as a matter of course. He was not conscious of being particularly active in any of them. As they came he took them, concentrated on each as much as his leisure would permit, and went on to the next. It was routine with enthusiasm. He had no sense of his versatility. Yet that was his chief qualification. He did it all easily. There was no great effort with anything; at least, not for one thing more than another.

He looked upon coaching as his business and took it seriously. I remember going to the university for a

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visit. I found him in his training quarters beneath Washington Hall. He greeted me with no effusion because there was a youngster there to whom he was talking bluntly—giving orders, not very tenderly as far as his tone was concerned, but there was a kindliness in his eye. The boy listened with the utmost respect. When he left I said, "Rock, he is a fine lad. You are browbeating him." He smiled and did not answer. He knew his business and he knew that he knew it. He was not the sort to brook interference. There was nothing of the "smarty" about him. He treated everyone alike, whether it was the President of the United States or a twelve-year-old boy.

Yesterday, an office lad who delivers the mail to the various departments, coming up to me, said, "May I show you something?" "Sure." The boy drew forth a cherished letter. It was dated three weeks ago from Coral Gables and was to Ray Fornier. Ray is about fifteen, of delicate mold, and evidently had written "Rock" for advice. This was the reply:

> Dear Ray:
>
> I have been away on the road for several months, and hence the delay in answering your letter.
>
> I admire your pluck very much and wish I could be of some help to you in helping to build up a better physique and better team, but from what you write, you must be holding your own and better, and I hope you can inspire your play-fellows to greater and more lasting efforts.
>
> Brains will always win over brawn and there is a lot of satisfaction in this for all of us.
>
> I sincerely hope everything is going along nicely with you.
>
> My warmest regards.
>
> KNUTE ROCKNE.

They had never met. That is how "Rock" captured everybody without intention.

The President of the United States said: "Mr. Rockne so contributed to a cleanness and high purpose and sportsmanship in athletics that his passing is a national loss." The hook up of the National, from coast to coast, including Canada, was broadcasting a memorial to Rockne at 7:45 o'clock the night of his funeral. Margaret Anglin, the actress, winner of the Laetare Medal of Notre Dame, prepared the program. I responded for the alumni. I could not express their sentiments better than through the phrasing given by the ex-President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge:

> Knute Rockne is gone. As a football coach he ranked at the head of his profession. In the thirteen years during which he trained the Notre Dame team there were one hundred and five victories and but twelve defeats. Five of his teams never lost a game.
>
> Back of these achievements was a great man, an inspiring leader and a profound teacher. His training was not confined to the physical side of athletics. He put intellectual and moral values into games. He taught his men that true sport was something clean and elevating. Right living and right thinking went into his victories. Rockne conducted a course that was only incidental in education. Yet he had a name and fame with the undergraduate world and the public surpassing that of any faculty member in the country. His activities had the benefit of publicity, but that does not account for his hold on young men. We shall find his constant demand was for the best that was in them. No bluff would answer. Fifty percent would not do. His passing mark was one hundred. He required perfection. That was why men honored and loved him. That was the source of his power.

The telephone still rings—condolences. The mailman brings more. One just received is typical. It is from the pastor of a large New York church:

> As the representative of Notre Dame, accept my sincerest sympathy in the loss of Knute Rockne. He was much more than a football coach. He was the embodiment of a spirit of sport which, to my mind at least, was a moral training. How practically and well he solved the problem of the so-called "Modern Youth." And I can readily imagine what his tragic death means to the authorities of the university. The only ray of consolation in his sudden death is the assurance that his boys, wherever they are placed, will uphold his standards of sport and conduct all the more firmly.

And Lindbergh was well qualified to pay this tribute to "Rock": "His character and influence were felt by those far removed from his field."

After a Princeton game one year I remember the team was entertained at the Follies. Will Rogers occupied the center of the stage with an "N.D." sweater. After assuring everyone that it meant "No Democrat," he finally agreed it meant "North Dakota." The boy who loaned him the sweater never got it back. He asked me if I would not do him the tremendous favor of helping him do so. I wrote Rogers, although it was a couple of years afterward, and soon a huge box with the sweater arrived with a kindly note, showing that Rogers remembered the occasion and was fond of the sweater, too. Rogers follows a contrasting vocation; even so, he says:

> We thought it would take a president or a great public man's death to make a whole nation, regardless of age, race or creed, shake their heads in real sincere sorrow and say, "Ain't it a shame he's gone." Well, that is what this country did today, Knute, for you. . . . Every gridiron in America was your home.

In the bulletin which the prefect of religion addresses to Notre Dame students daily, Father O'Hara says:

> Knute Rockne had a wider influence in developing the ideals of fair play than any other man of his generation. He did it under the banner of the Mother of God. You may be sure that she took care of him in his hour of need.

The world has honored him, America has blessed him. The Church, governments, a king, the press, motion pictures, radio, millions of people and, most of all, Notre Dame herself, her alumni, students and friends, have smiled through their tears in remembrance.

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Places and Persons

LINER: THIRD CLASS

By PADRAIC COLUM

WILL YOU or nill you, when you go third class you are a member of a community. Travel first or second and you don't have to push along corridors or crowd in and out of dining-rooms. You exist as a non-approachable person. The liner is a promenade, a camp and a compound all strung together, for us who are neither first nor second class; we know that there are 3,000 on board. This evening, at set of sun, a flock of us coming from feeding spread over the lower deck, settled down on hatchments, hopped up on chairs and boxes, and fluttered up ladders to a higher deck: then one felt like a rook in a most populous rookery.

But who would stay with the first- or second-class passengers when the third-class decks show such varied life? Here are Negroes throwing dice: forgetful of their Aryan accomplishment, they moan the syllables of the forest, "Ah, ah, ah," as they follow the throw. A turbaned East Indian, undistracted, reads a Persian book. An Armenian speaks of prices in Damascus. A bald-headed mulatto postures for a spectacular boxing-match. A tall Scandinavian watches the sea with the eyes of a Viking. Forward there is another third-class deck: compared with the quarters we frequent there is something unsocial in its bare boards crossed with iron pieces. Men stand solitary there like captives or hostages beside iron pillars, or they move about as in a wide cage. I am not surprised to hear the barking of animals in this hardly inhabited hemisphere. A pack of poodles are being fed oranges on the bare deck.

But it was on this deck that I became friendly with Jacob and Hans. Where had they come from? "The Hartz Mountains," one said, and the other added "where the canaries come from." I allowed my fancy to play with the idea that the Hartz Mountains habitants were all midget-sized and were all occupied with the raising of canaries. But that was too good to be true. There was a difference of four years between Hans and Jacob and in the interval was born that tall brother of theirs, Wilhelm, who, bursting out of the suit he has on, still seems to be growing. Wilhelm, half policeman, half showman, must be as typical of the Hartz mountaineers as Hans or Jacob.

Fantastic as the beasts on a clipped hedge, the poodles eat and roll their oranges. The lady of the poodles has Hans and Jacob on a bench beside her. With her benevolent intent she looks like Swift's one sympathetic character, and I might be seeing in life an illustration for "Gulliver's Travels" were it not for the fact that there are two Gullivers beside this Brobdingnagian. Jacob wears glasses; he has a serious, not to say a troubled, countenance, and the hair is smooth on the flat top of his head. Both wear a little ring on a finger. Jacob's is amethyst, and this in conjunction with his serious expression gives him an episcopal look. Hans's face is free of solemnity, but it is a little peaked; his hair goes up in a plume. Both laugh easily, but while Jacob's is in cackles Hans's laugh goes in chimes.

What ages are they? Speaking to myself and the lady of the poodles and the two nuns who are seated at the back and who are enormously interested and entertained, Wilhelm states that their actual ages are forty-four and forty-eight, their professional ages are twenty and twenty-four, and their train ages are eight and twelve. Jacob and Hans nod smilingly at this statement of chronology. A train conductor looking at them in a berth and being informed by Wilhelm that they had under-age tickets remarked, "They may be eight and twelve, but I've been seeing these boys for the past twenty years." Jacob cackled and Hans's laugh went in chimes, Madame smiled sympathetically, and the nuns swayed with silent laughter. The "boys" do vaudeville turns on the Continent and in England and America.

They have nothing either shrinking or assertive about them; they are urbane; they are even men of the world. They have not, I judge, any consciousness of isolation from normal-sized humanity. Probably this is because they have always had a family life: they are two together and they have always had big Wilhelm whose interest is their interest and who can jolly them along. Wilhelm is their entrepreneur. "It's extraordinary the questions people will ask about the 'boys,'" Wilhelm says. "Women especially. Even well-educated women will ask the queerest questions." But there was nothing abnormal about their mother and father. There were children who grew to normal size. Then there was Jacob who ceased to grow when he was three. Then there were other normal-sized children. Then there was Hans. After some other children of normal growth, there was a girl who remained midget-sized. She is still living in the Hartz Mountains: she does not go round with the "boys." "It's not good for a woman to be in this business of ours," Jacob remarks sententiously.

When in Hans's case cessation in growth was noticed, he was taken to an institution in some nearby city. There a great specialist observed him. But one day Hans got hold of a big bottle of Rhine wine and drank all of it. He fell down unconscious, and a message was sent home that he was dead. His father went to take the body home, bringing a little coffin on his cart. When he arrived Hans was frisking about.

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Then he rode home. I could see that progress with Hans seated on the top of the coffin and his hair rising in a plume. The story draws sympathetic exclamations from the nuns and an indulgent look from the lady of the poodles.

Wilhelm, having got into the vein, tells us more about Hans and Jacob. They do a prize-fighting act in their vaudeville: there is a furious contest, refereed by Wilhelm, in which Jacob gets a knock-out. Their publicity man had the fight prohibited: the governor of the state was induced to attend and, after watching the first round, to forbid the brutal spectacle. When the fight was announced as being on again, Hans was arrested and landed in a cell. As soon as the turnkey's back was turned, he slipped out between the bars; the news of his escape was broadcast. As the story ended we heard Jacob's cackling and Hans's chimes, the nuns swayed themselves delightedly and Madame softly laughed.

Then there was the story of Jacob and the elephant. Wilhelm, as he brought the "boys" onto the platform, used to give a piece of cake to an elephant that was somewhere by. He gave up handing out cake and, as he passed, he would wave the waiting elephant away. The elephant decided to get at Wilhelm through one of his charges, and when Jacob was hurrying to join the pair who had gone before, the elephant leveled at him a trunk filled with water and sawdust and covered him with the stuff. As it was told, the grave Jacob enacted the incident—the shock, his prostration, his scrambling up to get on with the show, and his defiance of the resentful elephant.

He stands while Hans helps Madame to intern her poodles, and Wilhelm attends the nuns on their way back to the other deck. He is solemn as he looks out on the sea. To him, too, life must be a dilemma, and probably he is not always able to turn on the resentful elephants with the defiance he has exhibited for us.

Here, away from the promenade, the camp and the compound, it is good to watch the night come down. The figures moving on the bare deck become like shadows: then, feeling the loneliness of their quarter, they leave the deck and pass through the depths of the ship to its more inhabited parts. There they find movement and conversation, music and drinks. Now the liner seems like some unexplained structure in a scientific romance: she moves as a ship, but what we have been taught to look for on a ship—a captain and sailors—are nowhere present. There are masses of iron on the deck, but we feel that these are survivals merely, like the arms of a whale, things that have ceased to be organic. Ceaselessly, imperturbably, the vessel holds a course over the dark ocean. And that expanse of water furrowed by the flowing river that follows the ship restores to us the planetary sense: we are climbing across a planet with a moon for an index of a wider expanse. On a high mast, far up, a little lamp hangs. One cannot believe that this light has any utility; it is probably like the marvelously colored globes in the pharmacist's window, or like the lamp in a cathedral—a symbolic light.

The poodles being kenneled, Hans and Madame seat themselves side by side. The broad face bends down on the peaked little face with a deal of tenderness. Madame is Flemish; she has only the symbols of giantism—a large white rose on the shoulder of her red dress, ear-rings that are like miniature towers of gold, and an inordinately wide necklace of alternate bands of coral and metal. She smiles as she listens to Hans.

But on the third-class decks we have a propriety-remembrancer (he is the interperter, a Frenchman), and at ten o'clock he comes with his appeal, "Now, bonny lassies." This is to segregate the young women, and induce them to leave these open, darkening spaces, and go below. Madame heeds the proprieties; she takes leave of Hans.

Later I come upon my two friends in another part of the ship. They are at a table with seidels of beer before them and cigars in their mouths. The cigar that each has is the length of his arm from the fingers to the elbow. But they take no more time than anybody else does in consuming them.

A piece of machinery that we thought was inorganic begins to function, winding a massive cable out of the depths of the ship. Our port is near. We are left to watch the lights on the ship and the lights on the shore. The pilot is coming on board! An oil lamp is lowered, and amid some eager applause the pilot with his hand-bag comes up on our liner. In the lowering of the obsolete lamp, in the eager welcome to the pilot, there is something of ancient ceremony.

And when it is light again, the ship moves along the docks, past high stages filled with watchers. Man after man, woman after woman, picks out a friend on the ship and makes a sign of welcome. One man stands rigid and intent, searching every yard of the nearing ship. No movement around can make him change his position. Intent, leaning forward with gaunt face, he searches, searches for somebody of whom he despairs. The ship comes nearer and goes past him, and no sign of recognition has moved his clenched hands and bloodless face. The gangway is pushed across. Jacob and Hans, led by Wilhelm, go before me. They waddle; the legs of these little men are not for marching.

April

Spring comes with ordered, geometric precision—
There is no uncertainty about grass.
April is always observing the nice division
Of seed and bud and bloom—no day can pass
Without its quota of jonquils. Flowers are
Products of an exact measurement; one perceives
The beautiful balanced angles of a star.
There are no incongruities in leaves.
Even the rain falls
In silver verticals!

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

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INDUSTRIAL PATERNALISM

By WILLIAM COLLINS

The author of this article is a general organizer for the American Federation of Labor and has been an active trade unionist for the past twenty-five years, traveling throughout the United States and Canada. We believe that it is valuable for anyone interested in modern social trends to be familiar with this reflection of the organized opinion of the American laboring man. Collective bargaining, the traditional policy of the American Federation of Labor, rather than collective voting for class legislation, may be the best solution for the problems of industry by avoiding the wastefulness of bureaucracy.—The Editors.

THE NEW concept of the individual and society, established in the United States 150 years ago, is not doing so well these days. This is a time when economists and politicians raise their voices as to which is first, the individual or the state, and then advocate their particular remedies. The pioneer American youth, individual initiative and Yankee courage are changing into the modern vernacular of mass production, automatic machinery, movies, bank and chain stores, newspaper syndicates, radio and telephone monopolies.

The present-day individual is finding a society so complex that in the abundance of the fruits of the earth he is helpless, naked and starving.

What is worth noting is the mental change of the American public to welfare work for the industrial and agricultural worker. The present industrial depression with its unemployment, and the agricultural conditions that have demoralized credit, will give everyone plenty of time to think it over before the next presidential election. It seems to be the general attitude that there must be a prosperous year in 1932 or we shall have to choose between a Democratic social welfare platform and a Socialist pink, red and progressive millenium.

The word "dole" is bandied around so freely these days that it ought to make a place for itself in the exclusive political vocabulary begun when "Thou shalt not" was used in the United States constitution, for the first time, in the Eighteenth Amendment.

American industrial managements are up in arms that Congress or state legislatures should interfere with their business by passing unemployment insurance, and protest that political interference will destroy individual initiative. They do not explain why the management of individual corporations operate their plants so that 70,000 automobile workers are laid off for three months each year, and 150,000 for two months, and so that 50,000 clothing workers are laid off through seasonal employment for two and three months each year. Part-time labor is a burden that is placed upon the workers in the majority of our industries. When management has introduced labor-saving machinery and turned hundreds of thousands out of employment, there has not been the slightest effort to mitigate the suffering of those who have lost their jobs. There were 900,000 less workers employed in forty major industries during the ten-year period to 1929.

Ten years ago we had the depression following the war, and President Harding called a conference of the leading industrialists of the country in Washington. The conference disbanded when it refused to recognize the right of the American worker to organize and bargain collectively for wages and working conditions, to meet the continued consolidations of industries, of banks and of corporations.

During the past ten years the large corporations and industries have attempted to justify this denial of the right of the American worker to bargain collectively for his hire, by substituting many forms of welfare programs. Bonuses, group insurance, athletic programs, stock ownership, profit sharing and shop committees, have received much publicity and commendation, but the industrial welfare plan had only one purpose and that was to prevent the worker from getting his proper share in wages and working conditions, from the production he created by his industry.

Let us analyze that statement. The reports from large industries to the Internal Revenue Department of the federal government, show that during the period I speak of up to 1929, profits increased 100 percent, production of manufactured goods increased 50 percent, and wages increased 27 percent, with a reduction of 20 percent of total workers employed. The large manufacturing corporations were doubling profits and at the same time laying off workers because of the substitution of automatic labor-saving machinery.

A still greater social effect of mass production methods in industry during these ten years was the increased opportunities for women to enter into many phases of manufacturing employment. How far this was carried out is best demonstrated in the opportunity for mothers to continue employment, by building a nursery in the factory where small children could be cared for by a welfare nurse while the mother continued at work. In many boot and shoe factories and textile mills, it is not unusual for the father and mother to be working in the same department. It needs no imagination to realize the evolution of these conditions to the present basis of economy in operating a home, where the young couple are married and after the honeymoon both return to their occupations in the industrial field.

Have industrialists and corporations, by their welfare methods in the operation of American industry, blazed the way for creating a welfare class among the workers? There are many instances where industrial corporations have set up welfare relations with their employees by creating what they call a labor congress in which is provided a house and senate plan to give

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the employees full opportunity to discuss their working conditions. It worked successfully until wages were discussed.

Bonuses and profit sharing were hailed as another method of management welfare to deal with the employees, but as soon as business depression made its appearance the bonuses and profit sharing disappeared and usually it was accompanied by wage reductions. There are corporations which sell stock and provide that a certain amount of the workers' wages be left with the company each week, out of their pay envelopes.

A popular make of automobile is assembled within forty miles of New York City. The workers are paid $.55 per hour. If they work five days, their week's pay is $22.00; some weeks it is less. Yet these men are compelled to pay $10.00 a month toward the purchase of stock or to be set aside as savings. The management will tell you it is voluntary, but the worker who misses a couple of times is summoned to the office. He is discharged for failing to coöperate with the welfare plan of the company.

To insure the success of these welfare plans by the corporations who develop them, necessitates very often the inauguration of a spy system. These spy systems have been developed to pry into the social life of the workers and to spot any individual who might not be satisfied with the company welfare plan. Any employee who, in the course of ordinary conversation with his fellow worker, gives vent to his opinions, may discover that he has been talking to a stool pigeon who reports him to the management. He is called to the office and discharged for the good of the service. He gets no other reason. These spy systems are a part of the industrial relations that deny workers the right of collective bargaining, and they often get a charter from the state for what they call industrial service, when the fact of the matter is, they are a private detective agency operating a spy system for large corporations.

The "yellow dog" contract is in use by many corporations in many states, and provides that when a worker accepts employment he is compelled to accept wages and working conditions as ordained by the management, without any opportunity to have a voice; and any action by the worker to change the wages or conditions, or to join a labor union, makes him liable to discharge and damages. The United States Supreme Court has sustained this "yellow dog" contract upon two occasions by a majority vote, but the recent action of the United States Senate in refusing to confirm Judge Parker for a member of the Supreme Court has aroused public opinion to this form of peonage under the guise of industrial welfare. The Supreme Court of New York state has declared that the "yellow dog" contract is illegal, although some corporations still maintain it.

This operation of American industry by welfare methods is a reflection of the mental attitude of management, that workers cannot think for themselves or adapt themselves to the complex changes of our industrial society. Let us see how true this is. Where are the best wages paid, where are the hours best regulated, and where are the best home conditions established? It is in those industries where the worker has developed, through his own initiative, a trade union that gives him protection, helps him as an individual to bargain with corporations that are powerfully organized and centralized, and gives the worker the status of a human being instead of a cog in a large industry.

The American trade union, unlike the European, refuses to be a tail to any political kite. In the early conventions of the American Federation of Labor, the Socialist party insisted upon being seated as representatives of the workers but the doors were closed to them. The same attitude is manifested today against the Communist party. The intellectual radicals have tried to impose their millenium panaceas upon the trade unions but they have found no response. The workers have found, through many years of suffering and experience, that industrial greed and tyranny can only be eliminated when public opinion is focused upon the evils that come from industry. It is a slow process but when the change is made, it becomes effective and permanent.

Child labor, the greatest blot on American industrial life, was to be eliminated by welfare legislation. After Congress passed the law it was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. The law is dead in many states and child labor is on the increase. However, look over your American industrial field and you will find some places where there is no child labor. Look through the building trades, the printing trades, the clothing trades, the metal trades, where they have trade unions, and you will find no child labor, and when women are employed they are paid the same wages as men.

Since the depression of 1893 the American Federation of Labor has consistently said, in and out of season, that the problem of unemployment is not overproduction but underconsumption. Give the worker real wages, shorten the work day and work week, and you will find that the buying power of the masses will provide the markets that will absorb the production of manufactured goods.

There is considerable discussion at present about meeting economic problems with political remedies. In Germany and Great Britain the economic evils of industry are being met by political remedies. They have not brought any economic relief so far as industry and unemployment is concerned, but have maintained a political equilibrium that has kept some stability in the government's administration.

A splendid committee, under the able leadership of Governor Roosevelt, has been investigating the problem of unemployment. The recommendations contained in their report call for managements of industries to plan their production by the year, stimulate

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sales, utilize by-products and establish the flexible work day. A diligent perusal of the report fails to find one word about the profit motive. Business is conducted for profit. Everything else follows in order, depending upon the social conscience of the employer. Wage scales are based upon the same formula as buying other commodities for the corporation. Keep costs low and profits high. This is the crux of the whole operation of modern industry.

In this highly competitive business world, with but few exceptions, social justice is lost sight of in the human relations between the industrial corporation and the individual worker. The worker in large industries is simply a number in a book that keeps a record of the labor costs. It is so much overhead, the same as rent, machinery and taxes. Corporations have tried to bridge this inhuman condition by employing welfare workers, who lose sight of the fact that the physically able-bodied worker is not a child or an invalid who needs a mother's care, but is a full-grown man or woman whom a kind Providence endowed with certain faculties to take care of himself or herself.

In the opportunities for organization of the American trade union, the worker demands the right to protect his human labor from the greed of the profit-making corporation. He insists upon a wage scale that will protect him, his wife and family, so that he will not be dependent upon charity. In his trade union activities he can arrange to live his own social life, without interference by the employer, political organizations or welfare enthusiasts. In other words, the American worker asks that he get the same rights in the industrial field as the corporations that organize, combine their forces and protect their business.

The American trade unionists are opposed to industrial welfare programs that deny the fullest opportunity for the individual worker to develop himself physically, socially and morally. They are showing the way to meet unemployment by dividing the work they have with those who have none. They are assessing those who work to assist those who have no employment. They are thinking of the future where job security will be assured. The trade unionist believes that the unemployment evil can be mastered and reduced to a minimum if management will stop wasting assets, adopt constructive methods of operation, and give the worker the same opportunity under our form of government that corporations enjoy for their own protection and benefit.

If the managements of American industries wish to prevent political interference in the operation of industry, they must set an example by recognizing the right of the American worker to sell his labor collectively, without industrial paternalism.

History records that the Romans had their slaves, the English their pauper class; and if the present paternal methods of large-scale industry continue, we shall inevitably create a new human division in our American social life, known as a welfare class.

THE COMIC INDEX

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

THERE are two ways of looking at life, and one has a lifted eyebrow. But that delicate facial tension is a primary distinction between civilization and savagery. It is the earmark of the comic spirit; the fly-wheel of common sense and culture. To see the world in miniature, with oneself in scale, requires some centuries of education. Alexander the Great ignored certain laws of perspective that Mussolini has found it wiser to remember.

One hears of character being read by penmanship; by fingers; by noses and craniums; by the number of letters in one's name. Then why not by laughter? Surely what a man laughs at is a fairly good summary of his reactions and standard.

A nineteenth-century Frenchman decided from the quality of jokes in the Athenian comedies that the audiences must have lacked delicacy about their own affairs. As Grecian comedy was developed for the Dionysiac festivities, carnivals—to name them politely—in which well-bred ladies took no part, respectable pagan matrons in the Elysian Fields today must be interested to hear that it was quite the thing in New York for not only married women of the best circles but their daughters to laugh, unblushing, through "Lysistrata." Indeed, at one matinée, sponsored by a charity, numbers of the most conservative older ladies were present. But when a niece ventured to ask her maiden aunt's opinion of the afternoon's entertainment, "We're afraid that no one on the stage wore stockings!" was the astonishing reply.

Comedy itself has gradations. There is as much difference between humor and comedy as between satire and irony. Take the incident of Mr. Pickwick at the picnic. Suppose it were simply an elderly Londoner who drank too much cold punch, fell asleep in a wheelbarrow and was wheeled off as a trespasser by the vindictive Squire Boldwig to the village pound. There is humor, amply obvious. Paint Pickwick as a pompous old barrister and you have satire. Let the lady, whose toast he drank, discover him in the wheelbarrow and it is irony. But read it as it is written: the genial little gentleman who enjoyed a cool drink on a hot day and who never did a mean deed in his life.

"'I'll bring an action against Boldwig, directly I get to London,' said Mr. Pickwick, when rescued.

"'No, you won't,' said Wardle.

"'Yes, I will, by—. Why not?'

"'Because,' said old Wardle, half bursting with laughter, 'because they might turn around on some of us and say we had taken too much cold punch.' Do what he would, a smile would come into Mr. Pickwick's face; the smile extended into a laugh; the laugh into a roar; the roar became general."

That is comedy.

"You may estimate your capacity for comic perception," says Meredith, "by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love without loving them less." It is the most difficult standpoint from which to write or to live, for it mingles kindliness with criticism.

Comedy hovers affectionately over her subjects. She is tenuous in endurance and, being dependent on manners, is peculiar to her period. On the stage she is apt to be costumed accurately as her point of view is dated. That is why she becomes an index to her century.

What has been most disturbing us in the theatre this winter has not been its vulgarity, its viciousness nor its language but the

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situations it has selected as comic. A fertile seed for tragedy in the nineteenth century was the ghost of a lost reputation coming back to haunt its victim. "Magda" served in many languages as a cherished vehicle for tragic emotion. Pinero gave the theme an even stronger tension in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," where he mingled it with maternity and yet, not to make it too brutal, softened it with a step-mother. A contemporary English playwright is not only not afraid to handle the same story quite straight but he labels it comedy. Yet is there anything intrinsically humorous in a mother confessing to her children that for twenty years she has been a "kept" woman? Make her the mistress of royalty; make her husband a bore with a foolish name; make her very amusing and charming and practical enough, with the royalty defunct, to see the belated virtue in respectability—it still does not seem to some of us funny.

The dénouement with Pinero is accomplished through implication:

Mrs. Tanqueray: "But, Ellen, you forget I—I am your step-mother. It was my—my duty—to tell your Father what I—what I knew—"

Ellean: "What you knew! Why, after all, what can you know? You can only speak from gossip, report, hearsay! How is it possible that you—Paula— You—you knew Captain Ardale in London!"

Mrs. Tanqueray: "Why, what do you mean?—You shall tell me what you mean—"

Ellean: "Ah—you know what I mean."

Mrs. Tanqueray: "You accuse me?"

Ellean: "It's in your face!"

That is all we ever learn of Mrs. Tanqueray's relations with Ardale, but in the present "comedy," all the details of the mother's elopement, ruin and routine of life as a mistress are rehearsed by chapter and verse. Nowadays, not even the knowledge that her lover also ruined and deserted her mother is enough to discourage the daughter. An attempt is then made by her parents to discover some hidden strata of decency in the artist. His reply, which was evidently intended to provide entertainment and did actually elicit a laugh from a matinée audience, was incredibly enough, "You haven't asked me my price."

It may be that most of our jokes are developed out of the predicaments of our neighbor, that slapstick verges closely on brutality; yet there seems something less repellent in a Mexican bandit chuckling affably as he roasts his creditors than in decent people tittering over a confession of caddishness. We avowedly laugh at the braggart, the egotist, the liar and the ingenious coward, but repulsion is the only healthy feeling toward the yellow dog on two legs.

In a farce that is advertised as "uproarious" and a "swell show," the central comic character humorously concocts a breach of promise plot for his niece with her rich employer. The girl is saved from actual ruin by the hero, but the fact that the uncle was entirely willing to sacrifice an innocent little girl for the sake of his share of the blackmail in no way seems to impair his appeal to the audience. The audience, admittedly, is not what is termed professionally a "class draw," but one will feel better about the standards—if not the manners—of the average American if, on the road, that uncle and the artist in the first comedy mentioned, are both of them hissed off the stage. Have our ideals undergone such a radical change since the days of "Way Down East" and "Shore Acres"?

In one of the comedy hits of the season, the play is opened by a chronic divorcée making a week-end visit to her sister's country house serve her as rendezvous with her lover. It would have been quite possible to have introduced the gentleman in question in some less flagrantly ill-mannered manner, but the episode is evidently intended as just another bit of humor—well spiced, but not offensive.

Though sin has always been more or less implicit in sophisticated comedy, we were formerly asked to laugh over the plight of polite sinners dodging retribution or trying to live down their lapses. We are now asked to join joyously in their sinning. Even admitting that the average standard of morals has slackened, meanness, cupidity and double-dealing should not provide palatable humor to the slackest. If such is to be the comic index to New York in the 1930's, one prefers the Fiji Islands.

"Curiously enough," says Henry Adams, "I have always found the cannibal a most insinuating fellow, remarkable for his open and sympathetic expression. Our attendants at meals are three gigantic Fijians who smile kindly on us since they are deprived of their natural right of eating us. Once among cannibals, I feel my heart is with them. They may eat me but they will do it in pure good fellowship."

There was sounder comedy in the well-worn cannibal-missionary jokes than in our saffron sinners.

COMMUNICATIONS

LITURGICAL PROBLEMS

Washington, Conn.

TO the Editor: I cannot but feel that Father Gillis has gone a little out of his way to misjudge me when he writes of "a subtle Anglican arrogance" running beneath the surface of my article on the Choristers. God forbid that I should ever experience so silly a sentiment! Moreover, I cannot understand how anyone can read my article in an objective spirit, and see in it a piece of "sniping" at the director of the Paulist Choir. Once for all, let me say that I have the deepest feeling of admiration, of personal gratitude, to Father Finn for his glorious work. As I wrote some years ago in the columns of the *Catholic News,* no one who cares for sacred music can once hear the Choristers at their best without having them for all time enshrined in his heart, and perhaps in his prayers, even if the latter be considered "outside the pale." If a modified expression of this sentiment be regarded as "sniping," anyone is at liberty to make the most of it.

It is hard to see how my being an Episcopalian can affect the questions involved in my article. The latter might just as well have been written by a Mohammedan so far as any sectarian feeling was concerned. Had I attempted to criticize the spirit and construction of any *traditional* Catholic service out of the Missal or Breviary, the editors of THE COMMONWEAL would have been justified in tossing my review into the waste-basket as a piece of impertinent trash. The point is that I merely deprecated the substitution of a Protestant service (exception made for Benediction) for the liturgical Vespers in a particular church, and that is doubtless where the rub comes. It is beside the point then, in my opinion, to retort like Father Gillis: "Ah yes, that's all very well, but you forget that the Pope has condemned Anglican Orders."

It is but fair to add that, in the last part of his letter, Father Gillis gets down to brass tacks, and treats my objection with eloquence and point. "The advisability of a certain kind of service," he says, "is to be determined . . . by the pastor, and the ordinary of the diocese. If a type of service attracts

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multitudes of delighted people, perhaps more good is being done . . . than if an austere service of plainsong . . . were permitted to effect a sort of *religio depopulata.*"

One must say, with all respect, that this is a curious argument to flow from the pen of a priest and a religious. I should have supposed that the Church's services were determined by the Church's immemorial tradition, extending over almost nineteen centuries, and which will endure long after one's particular generation of pastors and ordinaries are laid at rest. Suppose that "multitudes of delighted people" should one day decide that Holy Mass was no longer doing them "good" (as indeed they did so decide during the well-known Reformation), would any pastor or ordinary be justified in substituting, let us say, a species of musical prayer-meeting? In closing, I will pass over the fact that the Office of Tenebrae, certainly an "austere" service, if ever there was one, and austerely and beautifully chanted at the Paulists, is always packed, if not with "delighted people," at least with deeply moved worshipers of our Divine Saviour. I simply venture to quote from a well-known priest in the West who wrote me this recently: "We have a perfect liturgical church where every single element of the liturgy is carried out with the most scrupulous attention. Although the church is enormous, seating close to 2,000, we have standing room only every Sunday, showing that humanity thirsts for beauty, and that the people appreciate the things that the Church wants when they are offered."

Yes . . . *when* they are.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: I read with much interest the article on "Liturgical Problems" by Cuthbert Wright (THE COMMONWEAL, March 18, 1931) and also the criticism of the same article written by Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P. (THE COMMONWEAL, April 1, 1931). Contrary to the opinion of Father Gillis, I may say that I failed to find any sign of "arrogance" in Mr. Wright's article regarding the work of Father Finn, C.S.P., and his Paulist Choristers, unless one wishes to call "arrogance" the "courage" of saying things that, although admitted by many, have not previously found a spokesman in the columns of a prominent review. I may say also that, if Mr. Wright's "good-humored" comments had been accepted in the same spirit as given (according to your editorial note), the result should have been "a helpful enlivening of interest" rather than a cause of bitterness.

Since the gratuitous assumption runs throughout Father Gillis's letter that "an Anglican layman cannot be a better interpreter of the letter and the spirit of a papal document on music than a Catholic priest," I hope I will be permitted (as a Catholic priest, although not "infinitely talented") to give my opinion in the matter.

First of all, Father Gillis's attempt to place the Paulist Choristers above any criticism, on the ground that "Father Finn's work has received the approbation of three Popes," lacks real consistency. In fact I think I am not mistaken if I say that in the case of this and similar papal approbations we should consider the spirit rather than the letter of papal recognition. Since the Popes were told that the Paulist Choristers had been organized particularly in answer to the stirring appeal of Pope Pius X for the reform of music in Catholic churches, it was natural for the Popes to commend the program and to encourage the work of such an organization. The very fact that Pope Pius X conferred upon Father Finn the same title of distinction that he had bestowed upon Don Perosi (as Father Gillis asserts) shows unequivocally that the Pope's commendations must be considered in their spirit. For, Father Finn himself, I am sure, would not tolerate a serious comparison between Don Perosi (the director of the Sistine Chapel and the author of a dozen oratorios, of twenty-five Masses and hundreds of motets) and himself, as a composer, as a choirmaster and a genius. The Paulist Choristers, then, should not be placed above any criticism but (as any other musical body of this world) they must be considered as a human organization with its own merits and its own defects.

Rebus ita stantibus, let us examine Mr. Wright's criticisms and see whether they have any foundation.

Mr. Wright's first remark was that, while we are told that "Father Finn's point of view in musical matters is strictly sixteenth-century," no one would glean that impression from hearing any of Father Finn's festival concerts, where a very few compositions of the sixteenth century are usually "relegated to the front part of the program," while the remainder of the program seems "to get down to the fun," as far as sixteenth-century music and the "Motu Proprio" of Pope Pius X are concerned. The truth of Mr. Wright's criticism may be verified easily by glancing at programs presented in different concerts by the Paulist Choir during the last fifteen years. In these concerts one finds that, while very few selections from classical and liturgical music appear at the beginning of the programs, all the rest consists of more recent works from J. S. Bach and Gounod, up to Gretchanninov, Rachmanninov, Kallinnikov, etc. These latter compositions certainly seem to contrast with the appeal of Pope Pius X in the "Motu Proprio" and, therefore, are not in keeping with the primary reason which prompted the organization of the Paulist Choir and its specific mission of propaganda for better music in Catholic churches. Furthermore, in the same programs, Father Finn's "flirtations" (to quote Mr. Wright) with unliturgical music by non-Catholic composers are evident.

Another criticism by Mr. Wright was the following: "We have the very strongest objection to Father Finn's relative neglect of the authentic music of the Catholic religion, namely Gregorian chant." "Father Finn has the fantastic notion, we are told, that no boy should sing plainchant on the ground that it is bad for his budding voice." In reply to Mr. Wright's comment, Father Gillis wrote in his letter as follows: "If a type of service [the musical service given by the Paulist Choristers at St. Paul's in New York City] . . . attracts multitudes of delighted people, perhaps more good is being done for Christ's kingdom on earth than if an austere service of plainsong, delightful to Mr. Cuthbert Wright and other dilettanti, but caviar to the general, were permitted to effect a sort of *religio depopulata.*"

Though I have the highest regard for Father Gillis's achievements, I must, nevertheless, say that the several erroneous statements contained in his paragraph quoted above are rather astounding, and I am inclined to believe that Father Gillis, under the pressure of his many daily tasks, did not have time for a careful consideration of his assertions. In fact, since Father Gillis does not deny Father Finn's "fantastic" notion that "no boy should sing plainchant because it is bad for his budding voice," he implicitly admits and approves it. Really, Father Finn's notion is, to say the least, "fantastic"; some might call it ridiculous. One might quite as "fantastically" say that "milk is bad for childrens' budding throats." On the contrary the history of the Church tells us that, since the time of Saint Gregory the Great (sixth century) and very probably since the

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time of Pope Saint Hilarus (fifth century) a *schola puerorum* under the supervision of a subdeacon was established in each of the four major basilicas of Rome, and Saint Gregory himself frequently gave personal instruction on plainchant to the boy singers of the Lateran Arch-basilica of St. John. From that time on, boys became an essential part of the different *scholae cantorum* throughout the centuries and through all the countries. No choirmaster, however, as far as I know, ever experienced the fact that plainchant was "bad for the boy's budding voice." Why should it be?

Secondly, without assuming to be "more papal than the Pope," I contest Father Gillis's implicit and general assertion that, if a type of service "attracts multitudes of delighted people" in church, such a service is correct and does good for Christ's kingdom on earth. There is a type of secular and sentimental music, for instance, which always attracts "multitudes of delighted people" to theatres and concert halls. Such music, however, is not allowed in church because "it offends the decorum and sanctity of the sacred functions and is thus unworthy of the house of prayer and the majesty of God," as has been declared and confirmed by the last three Popes in different documents.

As for Father Gillis's peculiar apprehension that "an austere service of plainsong might, perhaps, effect a sort of *religio depopulata*" in our churches, one might remind him that the Supreme Authority of the Church does not seem to fear such a danger. In fact, through Pope Pius X in the famous "Motu Proprio," the Church said: "The ancient traditional Gregorian chant must in large measure be restored to the functions of the public worship, and the fact must be accepted by all that an ecclesiastical function loses none of its solemnity when accompanied by this music alone." "Modern music is also admitted to the church; however, the Gregorian chant (with its rhythm, inspiration and savor) should always be regarded as the supreme model for sacred music."

Father Gillis said that a service of plainchant may be "delightful to Mr. Wright and other dilettanti," but "it is caviar to the general." Before accepting such a gratuitous notion about Gregorian chant, I wish to call Father Gillis's attention to the following considerations. First of all, in order to determine the real sentiment of the people toward the Gregorian chant we should give to the latter a fair trial, that is to say, we should present it to the people in its "proper rendition" as the Church prescribes. The Church tells us, in the "Motu Proprio" of Pope Pius X, that the true Gregorian chant is that "which the most recent studies have so happily restored to its integrity and purity." Now, if the rendition of the plainchant, usually sung at St. Paul's in New York, is the same as that which is given occasionally by the Paulist Choristers during the Radio Catholic Hour on Sunday evenings, and if Father Gillis has no conception of a better rendition, I understand perfectly the sincerity of his assertion and I must give credit to the congregation of St. Paul's for not digesting it. Secondly, if appreciation for plainchant properly rendered places one in the category of the "dilettanti," these unfortunate amateurs will have to suffer the company of such "dilettanti" as Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner and others. Mozart stated that "he would give all his fame for the honor of having composed the plainchant music of the Preface of the Mass." Mendelssohn wrote: "I cannot understand how Catholics, who in their own church music have the best that can be made, can put up with Mass compositions which are not even passably suitable, but outright distracting and operatic." Wagner often declared "that it was a delight to him to listen to Gregorian chant, and that it was an artistic treat difficult to describe in words."

Mr. Wright may keep smiling and feel quite comfortable with his "arrogance," for he is in good company.

In closing this letter I wish to express a personal desire—a desire shared by many: Since the Paulist Choir is commonly looked upon as an organization whose principal object is that of supporting and spreading the reform in church music commanded by the Church, and in view of the fact that the Catholic Hour is "Catholic," I think it would be proper and very commendable that the Paulist Choristers avail themselves of their great opportunity to "educate," rather than to delight, their millions of listeners by properly rendering well chosen compositions from ancient, mediaeval and modern church music composers. These compositions are almost innumerable.

True art cannot fail to command the interest of Catholic and non-Catholic people, not to mention the great influence that truly artistic musical programs might have upon many of our organists, choirmasters and church singers.

Rev. Charles Rossini.
Organist-Choirmaster at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor: The reply of Father Gillis, C.S.P., to Mr. Wright's article on "Liturgical Problems" was very interesting and instructive reading up to the last paragraph, wherein his personal feelings appear to have gotten somewhat the better of him in defense of Father Finn and the Paulist Choir. It was of course his privilege to "set Mr. Wright right," but to dub the article in question as "sniping . . . from outside the pale" and to rebuke The Commonweal for its publication is, I venture to say, quite as "amazing and painful" to the majority of Commonweal readers, who look upon this journal as a forum for the frank expression of varying opinion within and without "the pale," when such are offered in sincerity. Especially interesting and attractive is the "Communications" column with its lively debate and hard-hitting retort.

In view of the admission of Father Gillis at the outset that Mr. Wright's article was "so largely eulogistic and so politely phrased that one hesitates to find any fault with it," it seems rather inconsistent and scarcely charitable to pile it on so heavily by telling him he is not only wrong at every approach, subtly arrogant, contributing naught but the pharisee's tithe, but in addition he must not express his opinion until he has entered the fold! Father Gillis may have the correct reaction to Mr. Wright's article. I am not competent to discuss it. It does seem to me, however, that it might be possible that Mr. Wright is unfairly judged as being content with "mint and anise and cummin," when possibly he is following the one avenue which for him (and as he says for many others) will lead to the safe shelter of the one true fold.

Father Gillis also takes exception to criticism of one who "a quarter of a century ago dedicated his superb talent—his genius—to God and the Church and . . . labored with unflagging zeal and extraordinary success." Surely he does not mean to imply that Father Finn and his work have reached perfection and deserve immunity from criticism within or without the pale! The writer believes that the man and priest so splendidly endowed and with such a marvelous accomplishment to his credit would be the last to resent even unrelenting criticism, but, on the contrary, would welcome the opportunity either to profit by it or to instruct a critic who was in error.

Mary F. Coughlin.

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REFLECTIONS ON CATHOLIC ART

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am sorry, although I think it but natural, that my reference to the static quality in the La Farges' paintings should have had to bring a rejoinder in your editorial. I didn't consider this quality so much a defect morally as technically. For, despite the unescapable fact that Tintoretto, Tiepolo, Botticelli, Rembrandt, Delacroix, the early Germans, and even Simone Martini painted anything but static religious subjects, I should admit that the La Farges paint their religious and secular themes in the manner that would best achieve both serenity and distinction. The fault is not in the moral power of their work; it is, as appeared to me, in the lack of a certain aesthetic quality—animation and ruggedness, perhaps, such as one finds in the grand wind-swept harmonies of Gainsborough's landscapes or those of Sargent, Jongkind, and John Whorf.

While I personally have always preferred calm to stress in a landscape as well as in a religious painting, I cannot help admiring the painter who, like Whorf or Brangwyn, can suggest the rustle and play of the elements on a truly magnificent scale. Of course, as Coventry Patmore argued so well, calm, rest and happiness are the foundations of a good art. The La Farge paintings possess these qualities. But Coventry Patmore explained another cardinal principal of aesthetics—the point of rest, that which gives contrast to the main theme, like the character of Horatio in "Hamlet" or of Kent in "Lear." Once a painter understands this, as Constable did with his brown tree stumps in the foreground, he can be as restless as he pleases and still achieve wonderful harmonies. Take Rembrandt's print of "The Three Crosses," for instance. If there had never been artists like Rembrandt and Constable, the work of the La Farges would indeed be perfect, self-contained and quiet, like Japanese painting or atmosphere in a bell-jar.

Merely because there are so many styles of painting, I couldn't help mentioning one which obviously the La Farges, to the greater consistency of their work, do not use. While it may be said that this work is not characterized by the maximum exuberance, neither will the most captious critic see in it any defiling smears and smudges.

JAMES W. LANE.

THE INCREASE IN CRIME

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I came across an article in the daily paper quoting one of your editorials in which you state that the only hope that remains in the prevention of crime is the spread of religious teachings.

May I take this opportunity to say that I fully agree with your views? Although I am of the Jewish faith, I know that the fundamental philosophy underlying all religions, no matter what creed, answers the present-day need of humankind.

If the newspapers of this country would write editorials urging parents to give their children a spiritual education, instead of using that space to depict all sorts of crimes as boldly as they do, I am sure that they would be more helpful in stamping out crime. It does the younger generation no good to see all the space allotted to gangsters, publicizing them as much as heroes.

I suggest that you bring this matter to the editors of our daily papers in the best manner that you see fit, and thereby perhaps, be instrumental in starting a great movement, which I am sure, will eventually be most beneficial to society.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Give Me Yesterday

IF A CHILD lisps out the astonishing statement that twice two equals five, and if that same child weaves a fanciful tale around the idea of the mysterious fifth, the wise grown-ups are apt to find the whole notion amusing and delightful, like some folk-tale of gnomes and giants. But if the unwise grown-ups should take the child seriously, imagining that hidden genius lurked in the childish intuition, and try to order their lives on the idea that twice two does equal five, then not Einstein and all his horses and men could more completely wreck the accepted universe The same general thought applies to many of the fanciful prattlings of A. A. Milne. He is not a child, but his thoughts and his affections hark back to childhood on the least excuse. Among our leading playwrights, he is supremely the interpreter of life through the eyes of children, of their affections and dreams. But his universe is frequently one in which twice two equals five—or possibly three—a rather dangerous universe if you take it as seriously as he would like to have you take it.

In "Give Me Yesterday," Milne has mixed up in his usual charmingly sentimental fashion two themes which really have very little to do with one another. The first is the theme of success "closing in upon" a man and suffocating the life and the joy in life that was once his. This theme Milne handles with dexterity, humor and delicacy. The second theme concerns the boyhood romance of this same man, and the way in which Milne obviously believes he should have returned to it, regardless of all other responsibilities and regardless of the honor which some men still set above their own immediate happiness.

It is this second theme which partakes of the twice two equals five quality—which, by the way, is not exactly the same quality as "eat your cake and have it too." It is rather the idea that past mistakes can be rectified by setting back the clock and starting all over again, ignoring the reality and the consequences of all that has intervened. It is a philosophy of unreality, as if a murderer could hope to escape hanging by the simple process of starting his life all over again from the day before the murder. It may be a very pleasant fantasy for the murderer, but it cannot in the least degree benefit the one murdered.

Selby Mannock, in Milne's story, has become a member of Parliament and of the Cabinet through marrying a woman of icy calculations and shrewd managing ability. His home reflects accumulating success. His daughter is quite ready to marry the private secretary of the Prime Minister, and his son, who has Socialistic tendencies, is quite ready to postpone putting them into action on the promise of a lucrative secretaryship to his own father. Lady Mannock is a deft if slightly sinister counselor in all the ways of politics and intrigue. Then a certain Edward Eversley appears on the scene—an authority on landscape gardening, but otherwise obscure and quiet and observant. Eversley was, it seems, a boyhood friend of Mannock. They talk over old times together, the days when they used to play knight and squire, and when Mannock was in love with little fair-haired Sally in the gardens of Yorkshire. The conversation leaves Mannock very troubled, the more so as he is about to return to Yorkshire the next day to give an important political speech.

The next night, after his speech, Mannock actually spends in the house where he had passed his childhood, and in the bedroom that was always his. The memories of the days before "success closed in upon him" come thick and vividly. He dreams of them, in one of the most skilfully managed stage dreams I have seen, with past and present mixed together in all the torture and confusion that only dreams or fever can bring.

In all these dreams he sees Sally, at the threshold of womanhood—Sally who is now actually approaching middle age and is married to the overlord of the estate. The next morning, Mannock meets Sally at her favorite spot in the garden, seated as she always used to sit, sad but not too reproachful of all that has happened in Mannock's life. They find they are still in love with each other, and in the full tide of reaction against the crushing forces of success, Mannock promises to come for her in a week, to take her away with him, and to sacrifice the career still ahead of him. Milne would have us believe that all Mannock has to do to remedy the mistaken course of his life is to return to his boyhood romance. Sally's marriage and his own are as nothing.

In the last act, Mannock sends in his resignation to the Prime Minister, on the excuse of a slight disagreement, and does it with such conviction that it has just the effect which a more calculating gesture might have had. In other words, to retain his services in the Cabinet, the Prime Minister offers him the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is a moment of struggle, aided and abetted by the ardent admiration of John Reader, Mannock's private secretary, ending in the sending of a telegram to Sally in which he makes it plain that success has conquered him and that he must move on to power and still more power.

As Milne would have it, Mannock remains a Judas to the end, so encased in success that nothing can draw him back to the artless simplicity and romance of his yesterdays. Stripped of the pretty phrases, the perfumed air of gardens, the Yorkshire moonlight and the nostalgia for childhood, the play amounts to nothing more than holding Mannock up to scorn or pity because he fails to do the dishonorable thing. Of course Milne never suggests that it would be dishonorable for Mannock and Sally to leave everything and go off together. It is part of his philosophy to forget such realities, to forget that even so unworthy a thing as calculated success can impose demands and a price and exact a measure of honorable return. The debt is not to be canceled merely by stating that the expenditure was all a mistake. Wife, children, and even the Prime Minister and his Cabinet were Mannock's hostages to twenty years of wandering on the wrong road. Milne ignores this, and in so doing poisons all the surface beauty and delicacy of his play.

Mannock does not return to Sally, but his struggle is not between love and obligation. He merely finds that ambition is a habit-forming drug, against which he has become powerless. So far as Milne is concerned, twice two plainly equals five, and Mannock is to be pitied simply because he lacks the courage to grasp at that illusory fifth quantity, to which, in all honor, he has no right.

Charles Hopkins, who has become as much producer-extraordinary to Milne as the Theatre Guild to Bernard Shaw,

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has given this confused little play the benefit of a delightful and radiant production, with a cast of exceptional merit. Louis Calhern shows how really capable he can be in a reasonable part, and lends to Mannock more sympathy than he deserves. Edward Rigby is particularly adept as the quiet and faintly caustic Eversley Gladys Hanson gives full point to the frozen niceties of Lady Mannock, and Jane Wyatt, as the daughter, is refreshingly natural and direct. The Prime Minister's secretary is entrusted to the capable Eric Blore, and Hugh Miller, who is technically one of the most accomplished actors in America today, gives real distinction to the minor but important rôle of Mannock's secretary. Lawrence Vivian and Peter Donald, jr., who play the boyhood dream scenes, deserve special praise for their ease and directness. Sylvia Filed does just what I imagine Milne intended—that is, she makes Sylvia so altogether appealing and exquisite that one is sorely tempted to gloss over the underlying fault of the play in the sheer joy of seeing young romance so tenderly recreated.

In "Give Me Yesterday" the dramatic action is swift, because of a well varied tempo, and no pause in the movement of the play outlasts its dramatic effectiveness. It would take only underlying integrity of thought to make this play, as Hopkins produces it, one of the season's little masterpieces. (At the Booth Theatre.)

The Wiser They Are

SHERIDAN GIBNEY, with the able assistance of Jed Harris, Osgood Perkins and Ruth Gordon, has managed to make an amusing play of the sophisticated variety out of nothing at all except the flirtatious weaknesses of a man of thirty-three and a woman of ten years less.

It all amounts to putting a great deal of writing and acting skill into material of little consequence. The play handles without varnish the past lives of both Bruce Ingram and his distant cousin Trixie Ingram, played respectively by Osgood Perkins and Ruth Gordon. Ladies invade Bruce's penthouse apartment more or less at will, and without platonic intention. The extent of Trixie's past flirtations is left doubtful. There is nothing to the play beyond the attempt of this pair of philanderers to settle down, through marriage, to the search of something more substantial, and the complications arising from their respective past committments in the forms of gold-digging ladies and ardent young men.

Of the play as a whole this much can be said, however—that, as a comedy of its general type, intended to appeal to a fairly cynical audience, it stands apart from nine-tenths of the similar efforts in knowing just where it is heading and in selecting a sound direction. Bruce Ingram, somewhat in his cups at a farewell dinner in the second act, gives in a few eloquent phrases about as solid a blast against the cheapening of human emotions as I have heard in any play this year—something pointedly to the effect that after ten years of self-indulgence, he has found that human beings who ignore decent love and honest responsibilities are dropping to the level of promiscuous pigs. Something, perhaps, of the author's intention can be discovered in Trixie's remark a moment later, when she says she wonders whether men do show the true side of themselves under drink.

In a comedy which offers such capacious hospitality to the emotional disorders of the day, this one serious moment may seem to offer only meager compensation. But one is glad to note even straws in the breeze. There is at least a hint here that sex is not the first, last and only thing in life. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

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NEXT WEEK

SPRING BOOKS will be a feature of the forthcoming issue. In the midst of a publishing season which shows no signs of languishing beside some sylvan brook with reflections chiefly on buttercups or daisies, this book number it is hoped will be a welcome guide as to some of the many new books of interest to eager but bewildered readers. . . . MULTIFOLD WAR GUILT, by the Reverend M. M. Hoffman, Chaplain of the 359th Infantry on the front lines during the war, and now a Major and Senior Chaplain of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry Division, Reserves, is a query of matters which are historically and immediately important. . . . THE ARCHBISHOP, by H. Reid, is the description of a Tuscan funeral, solemn, beautiful and quiet. Paradoxically, its chief impression is to recall to one the dignity of life. . . . The series of articles on BIRTH CONTROL and population decline by Dr. Edward Roberts Moore which has been running in THE COMMONWEAL, will deal in the next issue with the medical, or physiological, aspects of contraception and continence. HE KNEW DAMIEN, by Cecilia Mary Young, which was announced for this week has been held over until next week. This is a revelation of a document which Brother Joseph Dutton asked to be withheld until his own death. It gives the testimony of Dutton, then a young man, on the famous and still much misunderstood case of Father Damien. It is an intimate picture of the heroism of these two men who gave their lives to the service of the lepers of Molokai. . . . There will also be the usual dramatic criticism by Richard Dana Skinner.

BOOKS

Origins of Drama

Drama and Liturgy, by Oscar Cargill. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.50.

MR. CARGILL stands in radical opposition to the generally accepted theory of a gradual evolution of European drama from the liturgy. He maintains that "the drama did not develop out of the liturgy, but forced its way into the extra-liturgical rites through the instrumentality of the professional actors of the day, the minstrels," whom he believes to have been "hired by the monks to entertain, to instruct, and to draw to the shrines the populace." Though admitting late and unimportant borrowings from the liturgy, he emphatically denies "any generic connection between the drama and the liturgy."

The present reviewer is not competent to deal exhaustively with this thesis, which is rejected by most specialists in the field of dramatic origins. He proposes rather to say something of the book from the point of view of a liturgist. From this viewpoint it is open to serious criticisms. Mr. Cargill has, in the first place, a greatly exaggerated notion of the uniformity of the mediaeval Roman rites. That the Gallicanized Roman rite underwent "very slight changes" after Charlemagne's time is untrue. The author quotes Dr. Adrian Fortescue's statement that the supression of the Gallican rite was "long and gradual," yet states immediately afterward that Gallican influences on the Roman rite were "speedily checked." Of course, there was no "forced conformity to the practice of the basilica of St. Peter's" at this time, in any complete sense. In the first place, the Roman rite itself, outside of the Canon, was much less fixed than in later times. This facilitated the development of the widely varying mediaeval "uses," whether regular or diocesan. Potentially dramatic elements, such as sequences and tropes, flourished abundantly, and Mr. Cargill's conclusion that liturgical variety could appear only in monastic churches, which he wrongly supposes to have been less subject to Roman control, is far from correct.

The author's determination to deny the dramatic character of liturgical developments leads him into totally unconvincing arguments. He insists that the Winchester "Sepulchrum" is not dramatic because it was derived from lyrical rites, and because the people could not understand Latin. "Nothing could more plainly indicate the ritualistic nature of the piece," he adds, "and the indifference of the composer for the congregation than the phrase, 'Sumantque lineteum et extendant contra clerum, ac veluti ostendentes quod surrexit Dominus.'" But of course drama can develop out of lyrical texts, and of course the clergy could understand Latin, and the people probably some of it, and certainly the simple action of the familiar story. Anyhow, does drama cease to be drama when the words are not understood? Hundreds of New Yorkers who applauded the Moscow Art Theatre did not seem to think so. As to the rubric directing that the grave-cloth should be shown to the clergy, its implication is exactly the opposite of what Mr. Cargill says. If the clerics, who are expressly described as impersonating the holy women, had shown the cloth to the congregation rather than to those who may well be described as their fellow actors, any dramatic effect would be destroyed. No Hamlet would be applauded for showing Yorick's skull to the audience rather than to Horatio. Obviously, "indifference" to the audience is an essential of dramatic illusion.

Later on, the author of a play about the wise and foolish virgins is said to have shown himself "no liturgist," because

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he makes Christ the bridegroom of the parable. That this should be called an "artistic innovation" simply makes one gasp! Mr. Cargill may, if he chooses, regard such an interpretation as a violation of Scripture. At any rate, it is a liturgical commonplace. Mr. Cargill says elsewhere that Abel is "never a prefiguration or prophet of Christ." To discover his error he need only read the Canon of the Mass.

The proponents of an impersonal evolution of the drama, whom Mr. Cargill attacks, may well have gone to excessive lengths in their theorizing, and his views concerning lay influence may in some respects prove suggestive to experts. But the superficiality of his liturgical knowledge, his faulty logic, and his methods of dealing with evidence fail to inspire confidence in the soundness of his conclusions as a whole.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

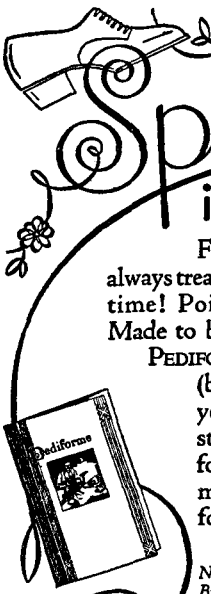
Whither Biology?

A Survey of National Trends in Biology, by Edward J. V. K. Menge. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

THIS book is the outgrowth of a series of lectures delivered by invitation at the National University of Cordoba in the Argentine and at several other South American universities during 1927. The author, already engaged in a survey of the history of biologic thought, upon being asked to lecture, sent questionnaires to twenty universities in the United States and to the majority of the universities throughout the rest of the world. The responses were numerous and generous and since their substance is incorporated in this book, it can claim an authority which no single name, however eminent, could confer upon it.

There are five chapters corresponding to the five lectures. The first, the introduction, deals with generalities concerning the aims and methods of science. The second chapter indicates important lines along which biologists have been working. Mendel's research, which was hidden until 1900, even though it was completed during a preceding generation, is mentioned. This work and its importance are too well known to need comment. It led to the modern study of genetics and heredity to which nearly all the authorities consulted granted first place in importance. The research on tissue culture outside of the body; experiments on artificial pathogenesis; the discovery of vitamins and their relation to sunlight, of insulin, and of "glutathione," the "oxygen transporter" that explains how cells can yield their energy without being consumed; the work on endocrines, antitoxin and preventative medicine; these and many recent contributions are of vital importance. There is a practical unanimity concerning what modern biologists consider the most fundamental problems, and the list includes the following: the nature of life, cancer research, the relation of genetics to environment, and predisposition to disease.

The next chapter deals largely with interpretation and therefore with greater variations of opinion. It is an important and stimulating chapter. It considers many topics, including some of the more mature opinions concerning evolution, and traces the present development of the vitalist-mechanist controversy. One biologist leaning toward the mechanist side said: "Most biologic workers are practical mechanists, though they admit that life may be something more than mechanism." Few of the outstanding biologists consulted were willing to go on record as "out-and-out mechanists," and, in Germany and America at least, the conflict is regarded as due to an antiquated way of looking at the problem of organic activity. No one



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questions that many of the structures of living beings work on mechanical principles, but even the mechanist does not question that the individual is alive and he does not hesitate to call the activities vital.

This leads to the next chapter on "Provocative Biological Theories," which records the return to the old manner of thinking of an organism as a whole under the guise of the organismal theory and the significance of Morgan's emergent evolution theory, both of which are important in the ultimate settling of the conflict mentioned above, and the metabolic theory of sex.

The final chapter lists the outstanding workers in all the nations and outlines the type of research that they are carrying on. This is important for reference and indicates the widespread interest in biologic research and its importance in the control of both animal and plant as well as human diseases, and the general understanding and bettering of our environment.

The author draws few conclusions. He lets his correspondents speak for themselves so that the reader may form his own opinion of the status of biologic thought.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

Is Work All?

Work: What It Has Meant to Men through the Ages, by Adriano Tilgher; translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THIS is a history of the evolving attitude of men toward work, a highly simplified history and, like most such simplifications, its terms are too sweeping to be accurate. Indeed, they are often mutually contradictory.

In so far as Signor Tilgher is an advocate of anything, he appears to find the modern exaltation of work, especially as expressed in the capitalistic state, to be the true gospel. Work for work's sake, work only to establish a vantage ground for further, more intensive work, meets with his approval, yet we find him offering as an offset to the monotony of the laborer's lot the fact that his shorter hours liberate him for a culture already relegated to a place of secondary importance. In fact the author often shows a curious obsession with the point immediately at issue, which forbids him to look further upon the general implications of his theories. This is nowhere more striking than in his chapter on "Play." Here in pointing to many types in order to draw the conclusion that true play is always "trivial" and passionless, he never once refers to the play of children, one glance at which would send his whole theory toppling.

Again it can hardly support his statement that the modern world finds its highest worship addressed to the god of labor, to point out that "the private soldiers in the industrial army" can never "in the nature of things" feel their daily jobs to be other than "an intolerable annoyance" from which it is their one desire to escape "as completely and rapidly as possible." After all, the private soldiers are in the majority and their attitude should count for something in fixing the philosophy of the age.

The author seems quite unconscious of such lapses which, truth to say, are the rule rather than the exception. Yet his book is actually of high value if merely because it suggests a contrast of the extremities of its outlook with the mean exhibited in Catholic philosophy that neither ignores the essential value of work nor exhibits it in an absurd preëminence, but gives it its true place in the great scheme of human salvation.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.

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Sixteenth-century Problems

Shakespeare's Problem Comedies, by William Witherle Lawrence. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THOUGH "All's Well That Ends Well" and "Measure for Measure" enjoy neither the fame nor the popularity of Shakespeare's lighter comedies, their place among his dramas is entirely unique. This feeling of their uniqueness has grown with modern time and a probing of the psychology which explains human behavior. It is doubtful if the audiences of Shakespeare's day pondered the rightness or wrongness of the delicate and entangling relationships with which the plots are so fantastically and heavily dight. Indeed one of the purposes of the book under review is to show that these grotesque and incredible relationships were taken pretty much as a matter of course by courtiers and groundlings alike.

But later-day critics and readers see them differently, and read therein horror and fantasy, grim-visaged hope and despair, love's victory won diabolically and chastity preserved at the expense of another's virtue. For here is a Shakespeare concerned not so much with fate or destiny in the more impersonal sense, as with the drama of individual wills and attendant triumphs and disasters. Here is pity, compassion, the dogged persistence of our mortal nature and its counterpart, inexorable stubbornness. Place any of the better-known heroines—Portia, Beatrice or Desdomona—with their sharpness of outline beside the light and shadows of the contours of Helena in "All's Well." The difference is one between characters designed mainly for dramatic effect and a baffling personality which bids constantly for reconsideration. Helena, and Isabella of "Measure for Measure," will not let one rest. From Coleridge to Masefield we have a long list of Shakespearean scholars either rising to defend these ladies or advancing arguments why they should be disliked.

Dr. Lawrence does well to call his discussion of these plays "Shakespeare's Problem Comedies." The title fits. He includes as well a review of "Troilus and Cressida," although the problem which it presents hardly lies in the same moral atmosphere as do the other two plays. There is also a long chapter on "The Wager in Cymbeline," and a number of pages deal with "Later Shakespearean Comedy," but the major portion of the volume is concerned with the "difficulties" of "All's Well" and "Measure for Measure."

Dr. Lawrence presents these plays against the background of their day. He is not seeking to disparage post-Shakespearean criticism, but he thinks it salutary to remind us that a betrothal at that time virtually constituted a marriage, and that thus viewed the supine selfishness of Isabella in allowing Mariana, once betrothed to Angelo, to substitute for her at the rendezvous is considerably vitiated. In "All's Well" he believes that the poet's aim was to tell the story "of a noble woman passing through great affliction to happiness," and that the ruses she employed to obtain the sanctity of married love were meritorious ones in the social pattern of the sixteenth century. He contends too that "ironical intent in this play which so many critics have stressed is exceedingly difficult to disprove—or to prove." This, of course, is sound scholarship. The author of these two comedies is a shrewd psychologist, in advance of his day, and his plays foreshadow the drama of the future.

This book is a profound, but by no means a dull or labored, work, for it offers the fruits of wise and sensible reflection and is written with the urbane manner which has distinguished Dr. Lawrence's lectures at Columbia University.

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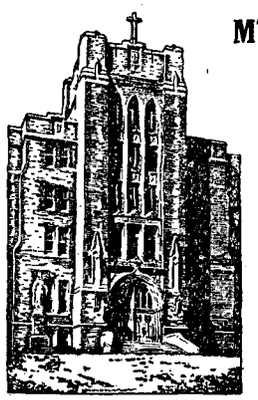

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Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931, state of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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JOHN F. McCORMICK,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1931.

(Seal) WILLIAM A. FINE,
(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

"First of the Moderns"

Charlemagne, by Charles Edward Russell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

SURELY there is no history more charming than biography. The most influential writings known to man are biographies—for what are the Gospels but divine biographies, lives of Christ? The truest history is to be found in the best biographies: history is the national aspect of biography as biography is the personal aspect of history. No development of literary or historical scholarship in our day is so impressive as the number of learned and charmingly written new biographies making the study of the past no labor but purely a delight. And this despite the fact that not all so-called biographies are the real thing.

Mr. Russell, prolific radical newspaper man, author of intense economic volumes, Socialist candidate for high office, subtitles this book, "The First of the Moderns." Probably the description better fits Saint Augustine for whom it is claimed by Papini—and without question the claim is valid for the Bishop of Hippo, if one thinks only of pure intellect. Yet even Charlemagne, who knew Latin well and Greek more than passably well, was extremely fond of the sonorous sentences of Augustine (especially in "The City of God") written four centuries earlier.

Certainly marvelous among even the gigantic figures of history is this Charlemagne, who easily established and maintained law and order in a bloody and disorderly age, resurrected learning (like Lazarus, seemingly too long dead!), took an almost pestiferous but always loyal part in Church quarrels and controversies, did everything on a mammoth scale, whether it were warring, studying, governing or sinning—and yet was locally (never universally and finally) canonized and had a quasi-liturgical feast day in his home town of Aachen! They were mad-cap days if judged by modern Catholic standards, and yet the most scholarly and earnest Church historians extenuated his faults with a leniency and judiciousness that cannot be too much admired. In our country he would be specially acclaimed as the originator, we are told, of the public school, and the popularizer of responsible government.

It is a meaty book, without doubt, making us exult in its flavor of scholarship, and its good galloping style. It is pleasantly illustrated—and Charlemagne among all the emperors of history is the one who never fails to look magnificent in a portrait. And yet I remember there is no authentic picture of him in existence!

JOHN CAVANAUGH.

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